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THE RAILWAY DISASTER AT SLOUGH ON JUNE 16: THE SCENE AFTER THE COLLISION.

From a Photograph by G. Collard, Slough.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY I. F. AUSTIN.

A pretty extensive correspondence during the last eight months has made me very familiar with all the symptoms of Boeritis. The plainest facts, attested by abundant witness, are denied with passionate emphasis because they do not sustain the theory that the Boer is the embodiment of the pastoral virtues and the martyr of pure liberty. I have before me a letter from a certain Mr. Fox, who informs the Editor of this Journal that what I have written about the Boers is "the kind of stuff which should be kept out of our homes as much as possible." "I don't mean my children to read more of it than I can help," says this resolute parent, and I surmise from this that some of it will still poison the little Foxes in the despatches of British commanders, and so forth, as the daily papers are full of these obnoxious things, and it is difficult to prevent a family from reading the daily papers. But an example is to be made of the desperate offender who writes in this page. Never again shall he corrupt that virtuous household.

I am reminded of one of Du Maurier's most delightful pictures. It represented some children walking with their mother, while a troop of little girls marched haughtily by, with their tongues out. "Those are the Joneses, Mamma," said the youngsters who were thus disdained. "They are so exclusive." I feel that a tribute of meek admiration is due to the exclusiveness of Mr. Fox. He calls me "this superior person"; but I abase myself humbly before his superiority to current history. He says that for my statements about the Boers there is "absolutely no warrant"; for instance, that "an eye-witness at Pretoria who has championed the Boer cause from the outset, tells us that one out of three burghers is a fighting-man, and the other two skulk in the laager." Mr. Douglas Story is the witness here cited in his own words; but Mr. Fox may never have heard of Mr. Story. I have suggested that the Boers are "far less inspired by the passion for liberty than by the passion for loot." This shocks Mr. Fox, who does not know that the Natal Compensation Commission is investigating the depredations of the Boers in that colony. I quote from a report of the official inquiry at Newcastle: "The convent and the church had been burned down, and a search among the ruins failed to bring to light any valuables. The hotels were cleared of all their furniture, and a number of the rooms used as stables. Almost all the private dwellings had been depleted of anything of value." Was it the passion for liberty that prompted this thieving and this wanton destruction?

I wonder whether the junior Foxes are told by their papa that Sir Redvers Buller's opinion of the Boers is "absolutely without warrant." In General Buller's despatch on the conduct of the enemy during their occupation of Natal occurs this sentence: "Houses, when not completely wrecked, have been desecrated with filthy ingenuity." Is this "the kind of stuff" that should be read by Mr. Fox's family? It will not do to assert that these acts of pillage and of "filthy ingenuity" are the crimes of a few vagrant blackguards. They are the crimes of the Boer officers, of those passionate pilgrims of freedom, who have left behind them on the soil they impudently invaded the traces of robbery, bigotry, and disgusting malice. Sir Redvers Buller expressly declares that these offences must have been committed with the sanction of the Boer commanders. That, indeed, is obvious, for a whole town cannot be looted against the orders of the military authorities. I have said that Yves Guyot has compared the Boers to the Bedouins (this comparison is made in his reply to Dr. Kuyper), and Mr. Fox says my object is "to convey the impression that Guyot has styled the Boers born thieves." I fancy that M. Guyot, with all the evidence from Natal before him, must now be inclined to apologise to the Bedouins.

Mr. Fox holds that there is "absolutely no warrant" for my belief that Mr. Kruger and Mr. Reitz have enriched themselves by shipping gold to Europe. On this point I find a mild observation in the *Times*: "Officials paid in unnegotiable paper are not likely to retain their attachment to a Government which has exported much gold, apparently for the private purposes of its members." I sadly fear this also is the "kind of stuff" that is intolerable to domestic circles uplifted by a touching faith in Mr. Kruger's integrity. What is to be said of a ruler who forcibly abstracts £120,000 from the National Bank in his capital, and then distributes worthless paper in lieu of salaries? Possibly Mr. Fox may call this patriotism; most people will call it barefaced fraud. That is the name given to it in Pretoria, where indignant burghers, cheated by their astute President, have freely asserted that he should be tried for stealing. They did not mind his swindling the foreigner; he and Mr. Reitz might plunder the mines by sending bar gold to Germany; but when they robbed the National Bank and defrauded their unpaid subordinates, outraged virtue was eloquent in men who had for years allowed Mr. Kruger's Executive to subsist by methods that would have excited the scorn of Dick Turpin.

Mr. Kruger has unquestionably "commandeered" gold which is the private property of European investors. Does

Mr. Fox suppose that this appropriation will ever be made good? He may not be aware that Mr. Hobson, whose Boeritis, when he was in the Transvaal, was intermittent, has declared Mr. Kruger to be without "a nice sense of personal honour." The truth of this engaging admission is freshly attested by the trial of the Selati railway case at Brussels. It has come out in the evidence that the concessionaire of the railway had to spend 600,000 francs in bribing the champions of liberty. Mr. Kruger pocketed £4000; that is to say, the head of the State refused to sanction a commercial undertaking for the benefit of the State until he had blackmailed the projector. This furnishes a pleasing glossary to Mr. Kruger's declaration that he had taken the money out of the National Bank for "State purposes." It was for "State purposes," no doubt, that all those cases of gold were shipped at Delagoa Bay in the steamer that bore Mrs. Reitz to sympathetic German shores.

Here I must express my acknowledgments to "a plain Dutch burgher" who writes from Holland to credit me with statements which have "just that amount of truth that makes them dangerous." I cannot reciprocate the compliment, for my Dutch correspondent kindly suggests that I have received "a double share" of the "dividend" allotted to our "independent Press" by the "swindle firm of Rhodes, Chamberlain, and Co., not to forget partner Milner, with his false face." No "little souvenirs," as Dr. Leyds calls them, have been directed to my address. Vainly I look out of the window, like Sister Anne, while brother journalists cry, "Do you see anything coming? Don't you see the little souvenirs driving up?" A very smart equipage stops at the door, and a footman in a brilliant livery mounts the club steps; but it is not that he may hand me a card, bearing the inscription, "With Mr. Rhodes's heartfelt thanks this token of his esteem," or, "A trifling present from Partner Milner; something better to follow." Twenty-two carriages were distributed by Baron Oppenheim among Mr. Kruger's henchmen whose vote was necessary to the Selati railway concession. It is your plain Dutch burgher of Pretoria who has given the world a splendid assurance of patriotic rectitude by turning his Government into an instrument of blackmail, and then calling civilisation to witness his zeal for the rights of man.

I trust that the little Foxes do not rely altogether upon their papa for instruction in military affairs. I have said that the "fatal weakness of Mr. Kruger's fighting-man" is his "tenacity in sticking to cover"; upon which the sagacious Mr. Fox remarks, "I thought we were all agreed that the great lesson we had to learn from the Boer was his wonderful way of taking cover." If Mr. Fox had even a rudimentary acquaintance with military criticism, he would know that in the judgment of all the experts, the Boers have ruined their chances in this war by sticking to cover when they ought to have taken the offensive. In the early days, when the British commanders made unsuccessful frontal assaults on entrenched positions, the Boers could not utilise their advantage by delivering counter-attacks; and when Lord Roberts turned their positions one after another, they had to abandon their elaborate entrenchments, and show a genius for retreat. Something we have undoubtedly learned from the Boers; but the great lesson of the war is that irregular combinations of undisciplined men, however skillful and tenacious, cannot prevail against a trained army and the rules of military strategy.

It is a queer paradox of conscience that makes the victims of Boeritis reject the blemishes on the moral beauty of Mr. Kruger and his system, whilst they seek to overwhelm with odium the character of every British official who has withstood him. Sir Alfred Milner, for example, who, before he went to South Africa, had won golden opinions for his tact, even temper, his knowledge of men, his mastery of affairs, is now denounced as a vain intriguer, who drove the upright Kruger into war and turned devotedly loyal Afrikaners into rebels. This admirably patient and discerning statesman figures in frenzied articles as a cross between Polonius and Catiline, and all because he offended Dutch extremists at the Cape by bringing Mr. Kruger to the point of choosing war rather than make a moderate and reasonable concession. Boeritis destroys all perception of this in people who like to believe that their country, and the great Colonies, have deliberately engaged in a criminal enterprise. They are no more amenable to reason and evidence than that professor at Utrecht University who said that Kaffirs, under the direction of British officers, had slaughtered Boer women and children. This reminds me of a British "atrocities" which, I am assured, is authentic. A doctor in medical charge of some Boer prisoners was irritated by their habit of complaining of imaginary ailments. They were afflicted with ennui, and it gave them a little gentle diversion to bother the doctor. One day a very athletic Boer made the usual wail. "Ha!" said the doctor. "You feel a shooting pain from the left shoulder right down to the knee?" "Yes," said the Boer; "that's just what it is." "Good. You want a tooth out," retorted the doctor, who straightway clapped the patient into a chair, and extracted a perfectly sound molar. After that there were no more complaints. But what a terrible proof of British barbarity and oppression!

THE WAR REVIEWED.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

The unfortunate coincidence of a most serious crisis in China and of the less grave, but still by no means insignificant, Ashanti rising, has naturally, to some extent, diverted attention during the past week from the operations in South Africa. Happily, the latter have now arrived at a stage at which the general public may well be excused if they do not follow each particular movement with scrupulous solicitude. What remains of the war is not at all likely to produce any very striking or comprehensive situations. Here and there a dramatic incident may crop up, and it is quite possible that the last act in this great military drama may be a longer one than hopeful critics think it will be. But it is impossible not to recognise week after week some fresh sign of the approaching end. From the military standpoint one important fact is now established—namely, that organised Boer opposition on a large scale is a thing of the past, and that henceforth the chief work of Lord Roberts and his Generals will be rather in checking minor raids and in enclosing scattered bodies of the enemy than in bringing large forces to bay, or assaulting difficult and strongly held positions.

Nothing could show this more clearly than the present attitude of Lord Roberts himself. After the occupation of Pretoria he was busily, indeed heavily, engaged with General Louis Botha, who had retired to Eerste Fabriek, about fifteen miles east on the Middelburg road, and had been joined by large numbers of scattered Boers. Botha's presence so near Pretoria being inconvenient, Lord Roberts moved out and attacked him on June 11, gaining a slight advantage. On June 12 the engagement was resumed, and the enemy were driven back to a second position, which during the night they evacuated, retiring eastward, apparently to Middelburg. During the retirement Botha's rearguard was surprised and thoroughly routed by Ian Hamilton's Mounted Infantry, consisting largely of West Australians, a very notable and satisfactory performance.

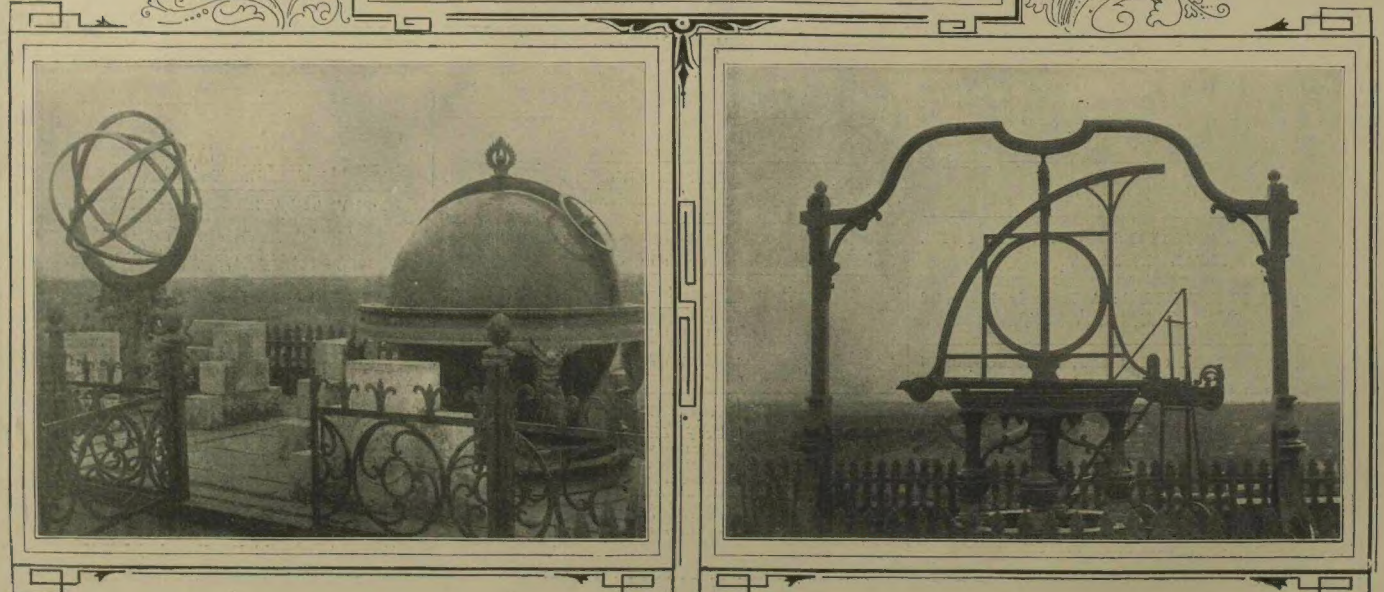
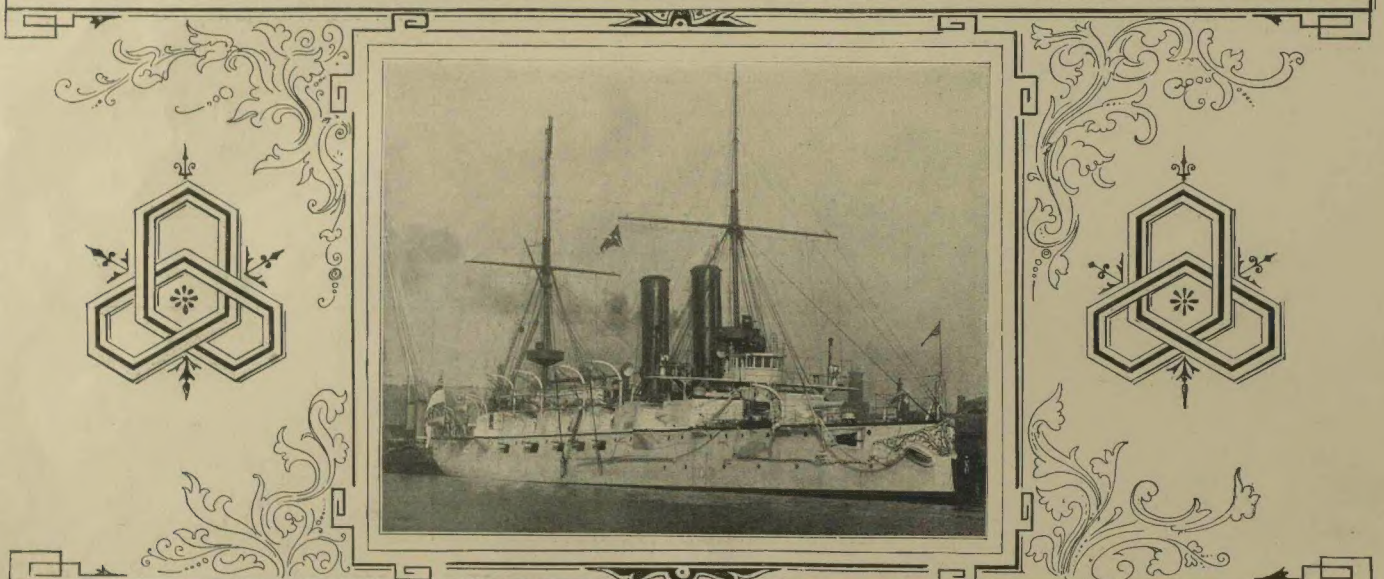
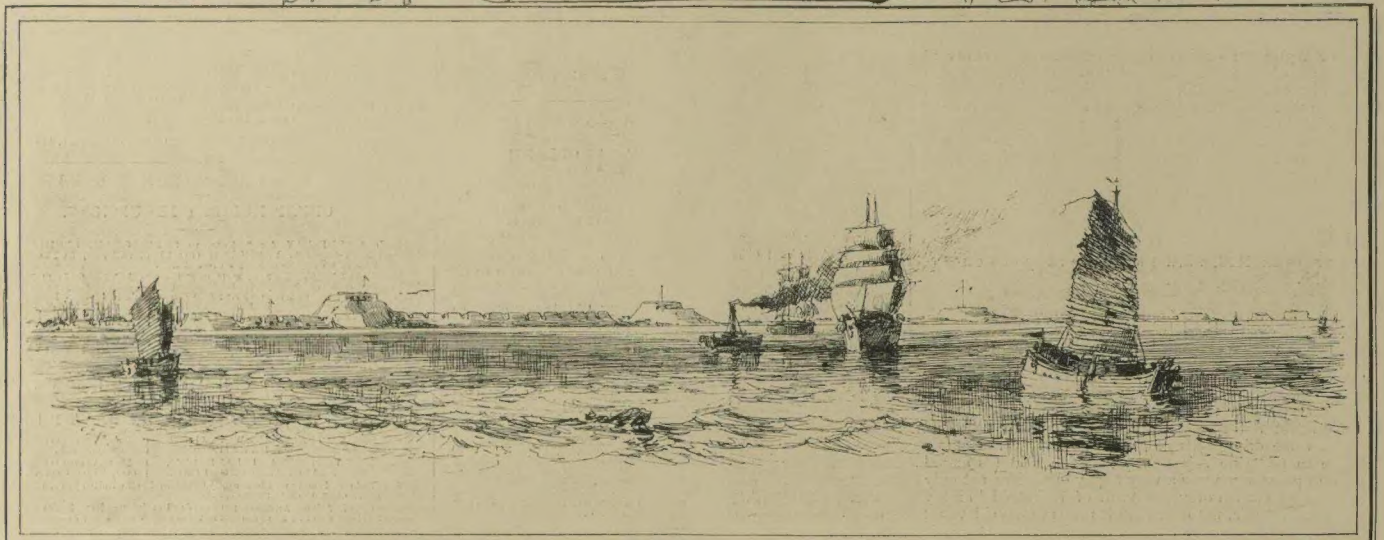
Subsequently to the expulsion of Louis Botha's force from the vicinity of Pretoria we have, up to the time of writing, received no news of any progressive movement on Lord Roberts's part, the latest despatch being to the effect that all was quiet on the 18th, and that since the occupation over 2000 stands of arms had been given up. Incidentally, in this same telegram Lord Roberts gave the exact casualties in the fighting on June 4, which preceded the surrender of the Transvaal capital to the British troops. The return, which is of real historical interest, is as follows: 2 men killed, 1 officer and 48 men wounded. When one recalls the fearful "butcher's bill" which it was so freely prophesied we should have to pay before we made our way into Mr. Kruger's citadel, it is difficult to avoid some very mixed reflections. In addition to this return Lord Roberts has now given us exact information of the number of British prisoners rescued. It seems that 148 officers and 3039 men were released, and that about 900 of all ranks were taken with them by the retreating Boers on June 4. Of these last no very satisfactory account is forthcoming. Indeed, it is reported that they are being badly treated, especially in the matter of clothing and food.

In all probability the hope of rescuing these 900 prisoners at an early date is influencing Lord Roberts's plans for the future. But he is also, doubtless, preparing a scheme for cutting the Delagoa Bay Railway, with the special object of making it impossible for Mr. Kruger, at the last moment, to get through to Lorenzo Marques. Also he has to establish a closer relationship with Sir Redvers Buller, now that the latter is clear of Natal and in a position to operate freely in the Transvaal itself.

Since his admirable turning movement through Botha's Pass, which resulted in the evacuation of Laing's Nek by the Boers, Buller has occupied Volksrust and Charlestown, and has sent General Hildyard to Wakkerstroom, whence, after receiving the submission of the Boers, he returned to Volksrust. It was thought, and a despatch from Lord Roberts confirmed the suggestion, that Buller would at once move on Standerton. But at the time of writing no decided step had been taken in this direction, and it appeared as if a temporary change of plan was contemplated. Meanwhile, it is exceedingly satisfactory that the Laing's Nek tunnel should have suffered comparatively little damage, and that in a very short time trains will be running from Pretoria to Durban, a distance only half as great as that from Pretoria to Cape Town. Such an improvement in his communications will be worth many thousands of men, horses, and guns to Lord Roberts. The 1040 miles which separate him from Cape Town have been a source of serious anxiety, and only as lately as June 14 another proof was given of Boer perversity in taking advantage of this fact, a raiding party having attacked the Railway Pioneer Regiment near the Sand River. The attack was repulsed, but Major Seymour, an American, who commanded the Railway Pioneers, was killed.

Baden-Powell, who has just been given a step of temporary rank as Lieutenant-General, has arrived in Pretoria, and will probably be entrusted forthwith with an important active command. Hunter has moved from Potchefstroom to Johannesburg, and Rundle is holding a strong line between Senekal and Ficksburg with the object of preventing any Boer descents southwards. The chief centres of interest, apart from the Krugerian movable headquarters, now at Alkmaar, appear to be Middelburg and Bethlehem, and around these we may soon see the British forces finally closing. The idea that the Boers will make good their retreat to Lydenburg appears to be evaporating, and any hope they may have entertained of a retirement into Rhodesia is rendered illusory by the fact that Carrington's two brigades are in readiness in that region to stem an invasion very much more formidable than any which broken and fugitive Boerdom could accomplish.

The Crisis in China.



THE TARTU FORTS, BOMBARDED AND CAPTURED BY THE POWERS ON JUNE 17.

Drawn by the late William Simpson, R.I.

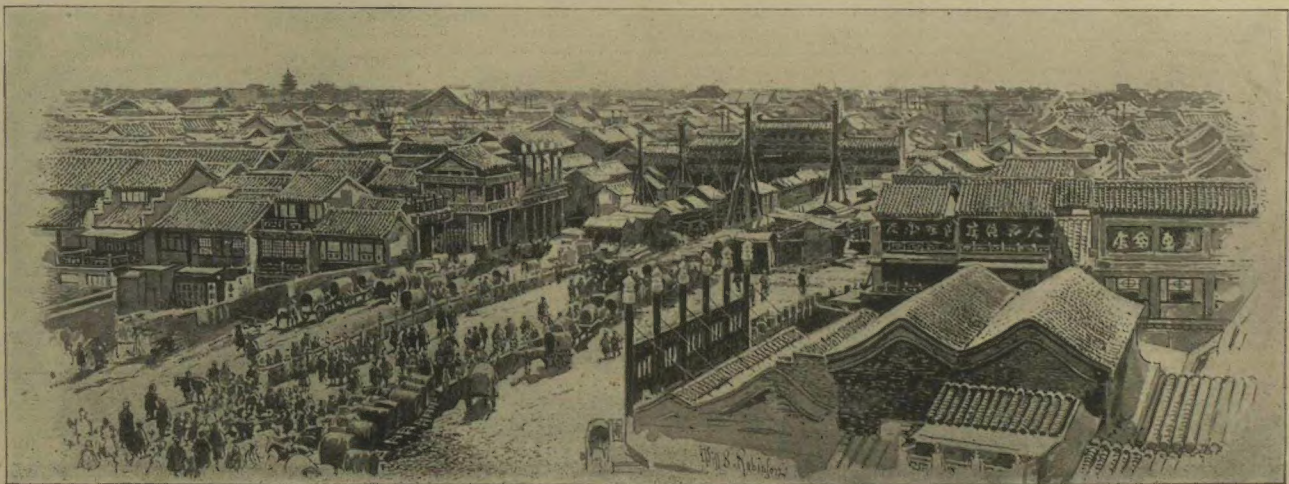
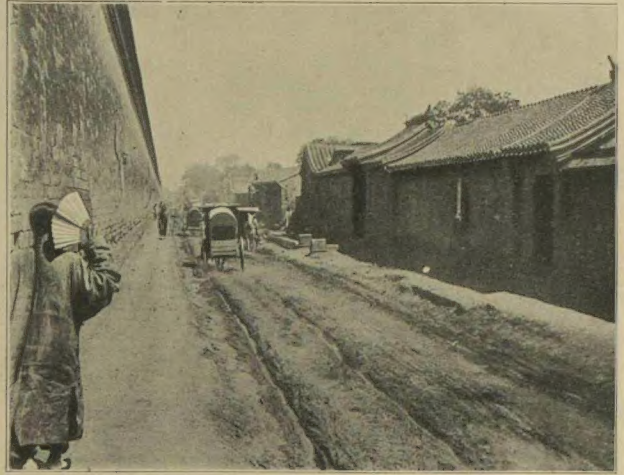
H.M.S. "ORLANDO," 1ST CLASS CRUISER IN CHINESE WATERS.

Photograph by Crilly, Southsea.

ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS AT PEKING MADE WHEN THE JESUITS WERE IN POWER, ABOUT 1670.

ANCIENT BRONZE ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS ON THE WALL AT PEKING.

The Crisis in China.



TAKU ROAD DURING A FLOOD: SHOWING HOSPITAL BUILDING OF LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

FRONT VIEW OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S HOSPITAL, TIENTSIN.

THE BEGGAR'S BRIDGE, PEKING.
Photograph by T. Child, Peking.

A STREET IN PEKING, NEAR THE FOREIGN LEGATION.

Photograph by H. Glenfleming, Sanibach.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GAIKWAR OF BARODA.

The Gaikwar of Baroda, who is paying his fourth visit to this country, is known in India as "a model prince," and in Europe as an enlightened advocate of progress. Born in 1862, he has now ruled the important State of Baroda



Photo. Corbell, Simla.

OUR INDIAN VISITOR: THE GAIKWAR OF BARODA.

with conspicuous success and advantage to his subjects during twenty years. In that period he has devoted his chief attention to works calculated to benefit his people, and to improve their condition from the moral as well as the material standpoint. The Gaikwar is a great patron of education, having founded many schools and colleges, and specially interested himself in the thorny question, in India, of female education. He is now giving further proof of his zeal in educational matters by the decision he has formed of sending his eldest son to Oxford, and some of his younger sons to schools in England. This is a startling decision on the part of a Prince of high caste and royal rank. His Highness has shown himself in another respect quite above the practice of most Orientals in being a strict monogamist. The present Maharani, mother of all his children except the eldest, was a Princess of Devas, and accompanies her husband on his tour. The Maharaja deserves, for the example he has set other Indian Princes in matters of



VICTORIAN WOMEN IN WESTMINSTER:

LADY AUGUSTA STANLEY, BURIED IN THE ABBEY 1876.

education and inherited prejudice—to say nothing of his remarkable loyalty, expressed on every occasion of seeming danger—some special mark of Royal and Imperial recognition, such as one of our ancient Orders, which are freely enough bestowed on foreign Asiatics, but withheld from our loyal Indian feudatories of the highest rank like the Gaikwar.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT AT CAPE TOWN.

Cabinet-making, never a simple process, naturally presents some very unusual difficulties at this crisis in the history of Cape Colony. Even the demolition of a Cabinet has been a rather desperate affair, one effort after another being made to induce Mr. Schreiner to retain his portfolio and to keep together his colleagues. That task, having been fairly attempted, finally proved to be impossible, the cleavage-line between Ministers as to the proper treatment of rebels being too clearly defined to admit of even temporary adjustment. Mr. Schreiner's portrait, published to-day, recalls the fact that when he was over here in attendance on the Jameson Raid Commission he was remarked for his resemblance to Mr. George Wyndham, with a certain added reminiscence in the lower part of his face and in his figure of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, now Premier for the fourth time, is of English birth, being the son of a Baptist minister at Ipswich. His early career was made in England as a reporter in the House of Commons Gallery—an experience which has doubtless proved of service to him during his thirty years' membership of the Cape Parliament and his three tenures of office as Premier. Mr. Rose-Innes, the new Attorney-General, is a nephew by marriage of Sir J. Gordon Sprigg; but nobody will whisper accusations of nepotism. He may be described as an Imperialist, and yet an opponent of Mr. Rhodes—in whose Ministry, however, were three of his present colleagues, Sir P. H. Faure, Mr. Frost, and, of course, the Premier himself. Mr. John Xavier Merriman is another name round which a special interest gathers at this juncture in South African politics. He went to South Africa when he was eight years of age, and entered politics in 1869, taking office for the first time in 1875, under Sir J. Molteno.

OUR WAR PICTURES.

A very large and particularly interesting mail from Mr. Melton Prior appears in our pages this week. Speaking generally, the pictures take us back to the operations during the first half of May, just previous to the fall of Kroonstad. Mr. Prior has sent us a vivid portrayal of Lord Roberts's column-crossing the Sand River Drift, a movement which was executed on May 9. The railway crossing the Sand River was at a place known as Virginia Siding, to which the advance was by an almost waterless region, across open, undulating, treeless country, intersected by deep depressions or spruits. At the point where the Sand River was traversed, the stream flowed between high banks and was crossed by a 200-ft. span steel girder bridge about 60 ft. in height. The bridge, as our illustration shows, had been rendered a complete wreck by the enemy. Several of the piers were in ruins, and two of the main girders lay helplessly tilted at an angle of about forty-five degrees. On the south bank of the river were a few tumbledown shanties, one of them a store, which, as we mentioned last week, had been looted by the Boers. During the crossing of the stream a desultory rearguard action was fought. Lord Kitchener directed the operations in person. Our other double-page picture shows Lord Roberts and his Staff starting out for a reconnaissance from his headquarters at Smaldeal. The Commander-in-Chief, as is well known, is an early man, who makes it his invariable custom to start out at the peep of day, a rule to which there was no exception during his halt at Smaldeal. Very dramatic is the incident at Kroonstad when Mr. Steyn, emulating, unconsciously perhaps, the Persian commanders at Thermopylae, actually scourged his unwilling burghers back to the fighting-line. The detention of correspondents' baggage at Sand River seems to have been due to the blunder of some subordinate officer, as Lords Roberts and Kitchener have denied all knowledge of such a regulation. Our other War Pictures include the rejoicings throughout South Africa over the relief of Mafeking, some campaigning scenes from the enemy's side, and an exciting incident of the capture of a Boer despatch-rider at Brandfort.

DOVER TO HELIGOLAND YACHT RACE.

On Saturday, June 16, eleven of the thirteen yachts entered started from Dover for the race to Heligoland for the German Emperor's Cup. The race is open to all cruising yachts belonging to any royal or recognised British yacht club in the United Kingdom, competing vessels of seventy tons or upwards, and owned by a British subject. The course was from Dover to Heligoland. The race was won by *Pione*, *Sullanar* taking the second prize, and *Columbine* the third.

THE SLOUGH RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

A railway accident, resulting fatally in five cases and inflicting serious injuries on ten times that number of others, took place at Slough on Saturday. The simplicity of the cause of the disaster only intensifies its horrors. In the broad afternoon, within shelter of an important and courtier-frequented station like Slough, a crowded train from Paddington, bound for the Windsor races, was dashed into by the West of England express, although, as it is said, the danger-signal barred its onward rush. The impact was frightful, several carriages were telescoped, and serious injury was inflicted on the occupants where death itself did not ensue. Very narrow escapes were common. Public sympathy with the sufferers included that of the Queen and other members of the royal family, the Duke of York calling in person at the hospital on the following morning to inquire after their progress through the night.

THE KHEDIVES VISIT.

The visit of the Khedive of Egypt to London must be taken as some consolation for the abandonment of the Emperor Menelik's plan to be one of our guests of this season. Abbas Hilmi, the seventh ruler of his dynasty, is just twenty-six years of age, and he succeeded to the throne of Egypt on the death of his father, Mohamed Tewik, at the beginning of 1892. The history of Egypt ever

since Mehemet Ali was appointed Governor of Egypt in 1806, and made himself its master by force of arms, becoming the first ruler of the present dynasty, is a familiar one. The important part played in it by England, especially when our Government and that of France forced Ismail I.—the grandfather of our visitor—to resign, gives a special interest, on one side and the other, to the sojourn among us of Abbas, a sojourn which the Queen, the Prince of



Photo. Dittrich, Cairo.

OUR EGYPTIAN VISITOR: THE KHEDIVES, ABBAS HILMI.

Wales, and the people at large are determined to make as agreeable as possible. The Khedive married the Princess Ikbal Hanem, by whom he has issue a young Prince, born early last year, and three daughters.

VICTORIAN WOMEN IN WESTMINSTER.

The burial of Mrs. Gladstone in Westminster Abbey Mr. Herbert Gladstone has announced to be due to the courtesy of the Dean and in accordance with an agreement come to when Mr. Gladstone died. Mrs. Gladstone has been accorded the national distinction in death granted in recent times to only two others of her sex, Lady Palmerston and Lady Augusta Stanley. Each of these women, in her own way, was a wife who could claim close kinship with Mrs. Gladstone as one who had been in a particular way the helpmate of her husband. Lady Palmerston's talents were chiefly social. As the hostess of Cambridge House, Piccadilly, she held a sway that nobody now either



VICTORIAN WOMEN IN WESTMINSTER:

LADY PALMERSTON, BURIED IN THE ABBEY 1860.

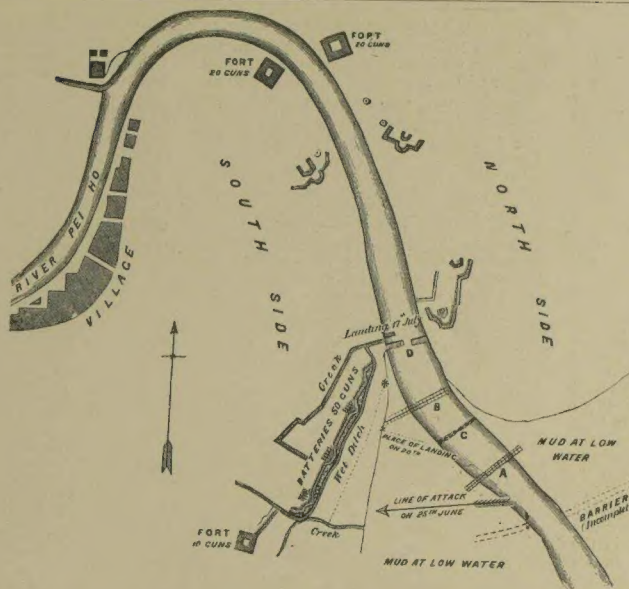
After the Picture by Swinton.

does or could exert. Lady Augusta Stanley was a woman of different stuff, as became the wife of a Dean, and of that Dean in particular. A great favourite at Court in her earlier life, Lady Augusta Stanley made Westminster a centre of many clever and interesting and charitable undertakings; and it was not unfitting that, being the wife of a famous Dean of Westminster, she should rest at last where

she had long lived and laboured. These three recent interments at Westminster are all of one class—they are those of wives who are there primarily in their husbands' right.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

The news from China has been either vaguely disastrous or definitely alarming all the week. Instead of Admiral Seymour's arrival in Peking, we had a rumour of the violation of the embassies and of the murder of the German Consul. Twenty-four hours sufficed to transform that story into the veritable record of the bombardment of the Taku Forts, undertaken by the combined foreign gun-boats, upon which the Chinese insurgents and the conniving soldiery opened fire unexpectedly on Sunday morning. A British ship was damaged during the operations, which lasted six hours. The British torpedo-boat destroyers *Lane* and *Whiting* captured four Chinese vessels of the same class. They and their allies also detained a Chinese second-class cruiser flying the Admiral's flag outside Taku. The losses on the part of the Powers were estimated at five officers and forty-one men killed, and thirty-seven wounded; and this without taking count of the casualties that befell the party that landed to storm the forts, where the bluejackets carried the outposts at the point of the bayonet. The action of the Powers has left nothing to be desired in its instant appreciation of the need for the prompt and effective repression



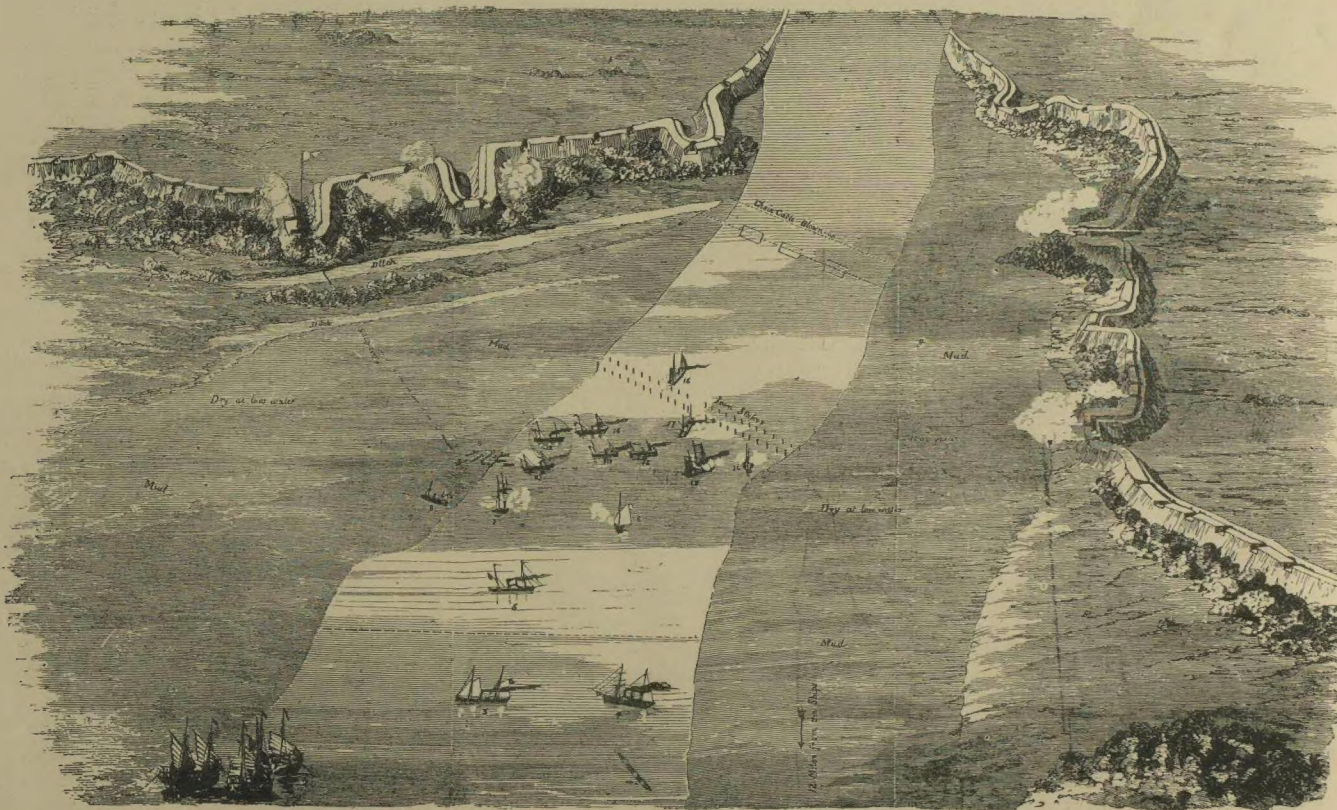
THE TAKU FORTS IN 1859: PLAN OF THE DEFENCES AT THE MOUTH OF THE PEI-HO RIVER.

From "The Illustrated London News" of September 24, 1859.

these can still be seen among the others where they stand exposed to all weathers and apparently uninjured by time or climate. According to a most interesting account given some time ago by Mr. Thomas Child in *Pearson's Magazine*, other instruments were added about the year 1670, at the beginning of the present dynasty, when the Jesuit fathers were in favour with the Emperor Kang Hsi. One of them, Father Verbiest, who was director of the Astronomical Board, caused some six instruments to be set up. The largest collection of instruments is found on a huge terrace of brickwork about forty feet square and seventy feet high, which overlooks and forms part of the city wall. At the top of the stairs which lead to the terrace the visitor is confronted by the huge celestial globe of which we give an illustration. It is 7 ft. 6 in. in diameter, and has the planets and principal constellations shown by raised stars of a bright yellow bronze fixed upon the chocolate-brown body of the globe. The Observatory is now disused, and children play unrebuked and trees grow unchecked among the instruments, here and there displacing the masonry and disturbing the appliances.

THE ROYAL HUNT CUP AT ASCOT.

A preliminary shower, sunshine, a pleasant breeze, a gay medley of people, recruited rather from the drawing-room than from



"HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF": ATTACK ON THE TAKU FORTS BY THE ALLIED FORCES ON JUNE 25, 1859.

From "The Illustrated London News" of September 24, 1859.

of the rising. Soldiers and gun-boats have been ordered to Peking from every available point, and an application for forty thousand troops has been made to Japan, already to the rescue with her war-ships. Wednesday brought the welcome intelligence that the flag of Admiral Seymour floated over Peking. We recall the taking of the Taku Forts in 1859 by republishing a plan of the works and a bird's-eye view of the attack. In the plan the obstructions thrown across the river are as follows: A, a row of iron stakes; C, chains with timber attached longitudinally; B, timber-like pontoons, with three chains; D, boom of floating timber, about thirty yards wide.

At Peking exists yet another highly curious proof of China's early superiority over Western nations, in the shape of the wonderful observatory close to the city walls. The oldest of its curiously beautiful bronze instruments were old when Kubla Khan conquered the city in 1279. Metal astronomical instruments were unknown in Europe before Tycho Brahe. The astronomers whom Kubla brought with him found that some of the instruments, which were trophies of ancient wars, were unsuited to the latitude of Peking, so the conqueror had others constructed. Two of



"MR. JERSEY'S" MERMAN, WINNER OF THE GOLD CUP AT ASCOT.

the training-stable, and brisk sport from start to finish—this is the record of the Royal Hunt Cup race at Ascot on Wednesday last week. The often-quoted declaration that this famous day furnishes "the prettiest racing spectacle of the year" is, of course, a sheer heresy to the serious sportsman, who points out that not five out of a hundred of the fashionable spectators, bent on talk and on showing their "tatters" (the very latest slang for remarkably smart clothes), are so much as aware that the horses are at work until they top the brow of the hill. The most visionary dreams of an Anglo-American alliance do not include an understanding that English Cups are to fall an unregretted spoil to the West; and when, on Wednesday, Royal Flush (a name by no means democratic) was ridden by Johnny Reiff to victory, the only consolation for the defeat of the popular favourite, Good Luck, was found in the fact that this dashing son of Favo was of our breeding and began his career in Ireland, first as the property of Mr. Harry Bensley, subsequent owners of his being Mr. Calvert, Mr. Martin Rucker, Mr. W. F. Lee, and, last of all, lucky Mr. J. A. Drake. The Gold Cup was won by "Mr. Jersey's" Merman.

PERSONAL.

"I deplore the death of that gallant soldier, the Earl of Airli." The simple words in which Lord Roberts records the chief casualty of Monday last week, during the attack on Botha at Middelburg, are also the most sufficing. Born in 1856, the head of the fighting House of Ogilvy, and the eighth Earl of his line, has made for his country the sacrifice of his life while at its very prime. Leaving Eton, he entered the Army in 1874; and shortly afterwards, while serving with the 10th Hussars in the Afghan War, he distinguished himself on more than one occasion. His services, ten years later, in the Nile Expedition brought him into high repute in his profession; a little more than two years ago he became Lieutenant-Colonel in command of the 12th Lancers, and when he went out to South Africa the prediction was that he would greatly distinguish himself—a prediction that was only too completely fulfilled. The late Earl, who was a Scottish Representative Peer, and whose acreage was enormous, married in 1886—a year after his succession to the family title—Lady Mabel Gore, eldest daughter of the Earl of Arran. He leaves, besides a widow, several young children, of whom Lord Ogilvy, his son and heir, was born in 1893.

On Captain Hall has fallen a great deal of the hard and anxious work accomplished during the last few weeks in Ashanti. The Kumasi Relief Force has had to face difficulties of a kind with which Lord Wolseley's expedition made Englishmen familiar: difficulties of forest, of fever, and of a strong foe. Prashu has been the base of the Relief Expedition; and Captain Hall proceeded thence to Kwisa, on the side of the Momi Hills, subsequently marching northwards, having signed a treaty with the King of Adansi, who swore allegiance to the Queen. That was on May 21; and tidings are naturally slow in transit. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to hear that the Governor, on June 8, reported by runner that the Kumasi garrison was in good health, and that the fort was in no fear of falling. Less encouraging is the news from Colonel Willcocks, commanding the relief force, of a fight halfway between Kwisa and Brafu Ebru, in which Captain Wilson, 1st Irish Fusiliers, and seven men were killed.

Captain Lambton is talked of as an Opposition candidate for a northern constituency. He has pretty decided views as to the necessity of maintaining British supremacy in South Africa, views that will not commend themselves to such an Opposition leader as Mr. Morley.

The Senior Wrangler, Mr. Joseph Edmund Wright, of Trinity College, Cambridge, was born in Manchester a little more than twenty-two years ago. From that city his family early removed to Liverpool, where the future mathematician received his earlier training at the Liverpool Institute. Besides being a scholar and prizeman of Trinity, Mr. Wright, like many another mathematician, is a chessplayer of repute. Among the names of Wranglers following his own on the prize-list is that of Miss W. M. Hudson, of Newnham, of whom it is interesting to note that her brother, Mr. R. Hudson, was Senior Wrangler in 1898, and that their father was Third Wrangler in 1861.

There is a story that Lord Roberts has promised Mr. Kruger not to send him out of the Transvaal if he will surrender. The President is believed to have a great

horror of the idea of being deported to St. Helena. As escape to Holland is still open to him, that is the best guarantee against a sojourn at St. Helena, unless Mr. Kruger wishes to remain in the Transvaal at any hazard.

Mr. Kipling has rendered such services to healthy Imperialistic literature that we are reluctant to find fault with him on any score. Imperialism, however, is one thing, literature another; and it is out of regard for the latter that some gentle word of remonstrance must be spoken to the Wizard of the East for the pointless parody on Bishop Heber with which he opens his latest story in a morning contemporary. The times and seasons are hopelessly jumbled, syntax is absent, and meaning obscure. The message of the elegant verses seems to be that "in dust and horse-dung smothered, there lies a cursed kral," the direction being vaguely indicated by the preceding six lines. Localities as distant from each other as Stormberg, Sanna's Post, Magersfontein, D'Urban Road, and Paarl are indicated as bearings. It is really time that Mr. Kipling had outgrown the young barbarian all at play.

In the Prince de Joinville passes away one of the last representatives of the great French world, that world which produced, in the truest sense of the word, the finest and noblest gentlemen in Europe; "the chivalry of France seemed to live again in the sons of Louis Philippe and of his saintly Queen, Marie Amélie." He was born at Neuilly, in the pretty country-house where the Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans, as they were then styled, lived during the earlier half of their married life. He was approaching manhood when his father became King of the French, and he was one of the group of French Princes and Princesses who entertained during the 'forties such close and cordial relations with the English Court. Like his brother, the Duc d'Aumale, the Prince de Joinville was a Frenchman first and a Prince afterwards. It is known that he looked with deep sorrow on the recent examples of bad taste and ingratitude displayed by his great-nephew, the Duc d'Orléans, not only to our venerable Sovereign, but also to the country which has sheltered him and his for upwards of fifty years.

The Prince de Joinville, who lost his wife, a Princess of Braganza, only two years ago, leaves two children: the Duchesse de Chartres, whose marriage to her cousin, the Duc de Chartres, took place at Kingston-on-Thames twenty-seven years ago; and Prince Pierre, Duc de Penthièvre, who is unmarried. The late Prince was the last survivor of Louis Philippe's group of sons.

Major the Hon. Lionel H. D. Fortescue, killed while fighting against Botha at Middelburg on Monday of last week, was the third son of Earl Fortescue. Born in 1857, and educated at Harrow, he entered the Army when he was nineteen, serving first with the 5th Dragoon Guards and afterwards with the 17th Lancers. His first fighting was against the Zulus, and his first important battle was Ulundi. After holding with credit several military posts at home, he proceeded two years ago to Halifax to be Military Secretary to Lord William Seymour, in command of the troops in Canada. Then the war in South Africa presented the opportunity which Major Fortescue could not allow to pass, and he proceeded with high spirits to the campaign that was to be his last. Five years ago Major Fortescue married a daughter of the late Right Hon. Patrick Adam, M.P., of Blair Adam, Kinross-shire.

Mr. Theron, President of the Bond Congress at Paarl, declared that all Afrikaners were "loyal to the Queen and the Union Jack." Some members of the Bond have actually taken up arms against the Queen, and the object of the majority is to prevent any punishment for this offence. Mr. Theron's idea of loyalty differs from that of Mr. Schreiner, who is reported to have said that he would never work with the Bond again.

The Shah is at Contrexéville for his health, and has won golden opinions by his simplicity, courtesy, and kindly feeling. He is described as the friend of all the babies in the place, and his prodigies of skill at the shooting-gallery have excited general admiration. A greater contrast to his father's character and manners it is not easy to imagine. The Shah is said to be anxious to return to Persia, where the political situation is not reassuring. It is a pity that the Dowager-Empress of

China cannot be induced to visit Contrexéville, and remain there.

The Hon. Charles William Hugh Cavendish lost his life in the fighting at Middelburg. Lord Chesham, who gave so much energy to the raising of the Bucks Yeomanry Cavalry, and who is now giving his personal service at the front as the senior officer commanding the Imperial Yeomanry battalions, has been called upon to make the sacrifice also of his eldest son. Born in September 1878, Mr. Cavendish was educated at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, joined the Royal Bucks Hussar Yeomanry in 1895, and three years later was gazetted a Second Lieutenant in the 17th Lancers. Mr. Cavendish was a grandson, on his mother's side, of the first Duke of Westminster.

The Paris Nationalists celebrated their success in the municipal elections by a banquet at the Salle Wagram. There were 1200 enthusiasts, and they forgot all about the object of the gathering in the badness of the dinner. When champagne was demanded, M. Drumont explained that it had been "drunk by the police." Then the company pelted the waiters with plates and glasses. Such are the men who propose to be the saviours of society in France.

The rising of the Ashantis after Governor Sir Francis Hodgson's attempt to seize the symbol of sovereignty, the famous Golden Stool, has already cost us some valuable lives, and probably will cost many more before the inevitable end comes. One of the first to fall was Lieutenant Cyril Slater, of the 3rd Battalion East Lancashire Regiment, who was killed, together with a number of Hausas of the Gold Coast Constabulary, at Kwisa, Lieutenant Slater at the time being in command of a scouting party of the Kumasi Relief Force. Lieutenant Slater received his commission in February 1898, and from June 3, 1899, was in Colonial military employment.

A great deal that is novel and interesting is to be seen at the Hippodrome just now. In the new performance entitled "Siberia," a dramatic sketch in three scenes, some wonderful horsemanship is introduced by Mr. Hengler's trained plunging horses. In the last scene, where fugitives are confronted by a river, which they had believed was frozen, horses and sleigh plunge into the surging waters, and struggle through to the other side in safety. The scene is one of marvellous realism, and leads up to the dramatic and satisfactory close of the piece. The spectacle has already achieved great popularity.

Among the gallant officers of the Black Watch now serving in South Africa is Major Ernest Maxwell Wilshire, who is well known in Army circles. Major Wilshire, who is forty-four years of age, attained his Majority six years ago. Before proceeding to South Africa he acted as second in command of the 2nd Battalion of the Black Watch in India, being stationed at Sitapur. As he was ordered from India only in February last, he, of course, arrived in Africa too late to bear a part in the splendid but disastrous exploit of Magersfontein, where his regiment faced desperate odds so gallantly.

The Great Northern Company announce that the new station at Nottingham, the joint property of the Great Northern and Great Central Railways, will for the future be known as the Victoria Station.



Photo, Knight.
THE EARL OF AIRLI,
12th Lancers, Killed, Middelburg.



Photo, Hughes and Mullins.
CAPTAIN W. HALL,
Commanding one of the Kumasi Relief Columns.



THE LATE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE,
The Last of the Sons of Louis Philippe.



Photo, B. & C.
LIEUTENANT CYRIL SLATER,
East Lancashire Regiment, Killed in Ashanti.



Photo, Edwards.
MAJOR THE HON. LIONEL H. D. FORTESCUE,
17th Lancers, Killed, Middelburg.



Photo, H. Marsh.
MR. JOSEPH E. WRIGHT,
The Senior Wrangler.

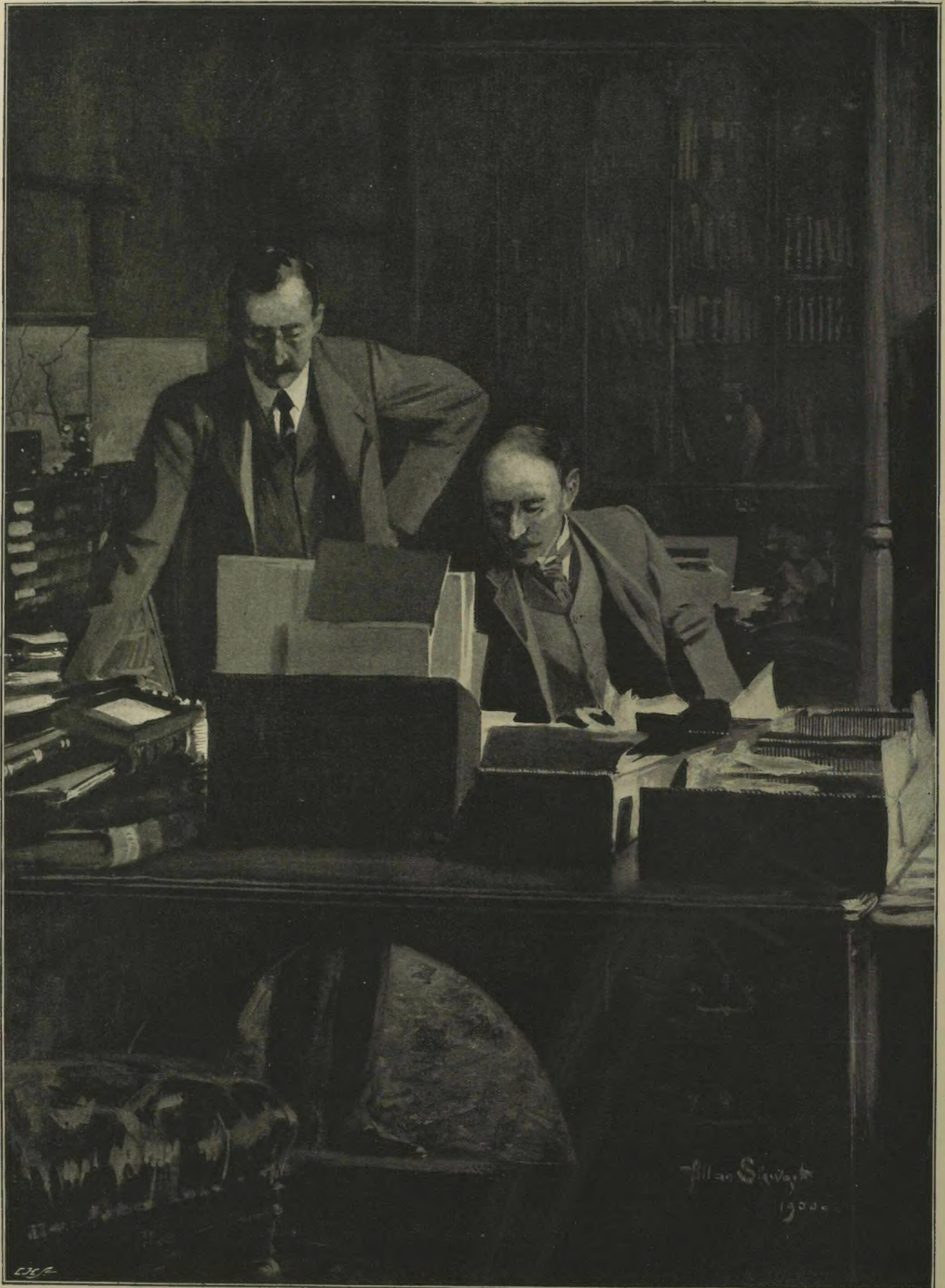


Photo, Bouverie and Shepherd, Calcutta.
MAJOR E. M. WILSHIRE,
Black Watch.



THE YACHT RACE FROM DOVER TO HELIGOLAND: THE START FOR THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S CUP.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN CAPE COLONY: THE HIGH COMMISSIONER.



Secretary.

Sir Alfred Milner.

THE SOVEREIGN'S REPRESENTATIVE: SIR ALFRED MILNER AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN.

From a Photograph by our Special Correspondent, Mr. Owen Scott.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN CAPE COLONY: PROMINENT PARLIAMENTARIANS



MR. MERRIMAN.
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

THE RIGHT HON. W. P. SCHREINER
(EX-PREMIER).

INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN.
Photograph from "Pictorial South Africa," published by Dennis Edwards and Co., Cape Town.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR J. GORDON SPRIGG
(PREMIER FOR THE FOURTH TIME).

MR. ROSE INNES.
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

MRS. GLADSTONE.

The death of Mrs. Gladstone deprives the world of a personality embodying a type becoming rarer every day. Though it was her fortune to be for over seventy years closely connected with public affairs, she remained to the end of her life the embodiment of all those qualities which go to make an ideal wife and mother. "Not only



MRS. GLADSTONE'S MOTHER, LADY GLYNNE.

the dearest of companions, but the most devoted of help-meets, whose life has been given to works of charity among her fellow-creatures"—so was Mrs. Gladstone eloquently described in an address presented to her and to her husband on their golden wedding day, July 25, 1889.

Had she lived so long, Mrs. Gladstone would, in 1901, have entered her ninetieth year, for she was born in 1812, and was three years old when the battle of Waterloo was fought. Stephen, Henry, Catherine, and Mary Glynne were the children of Sir Stephen Glynne of Hawarden, by the Hon. Mary Neville, a daughter of the second Lord Braybrooke. They were early deprived of a father's care, and so owed everything to their beautiful mother, who, although left a widow in comparative youth, devoted herself entirely to her children. Till lately there were still surviving at Hawarden aged villagers who remembered the four bright young people as they were before marriage, and ultimately death, came to divide them. Lady Glynne was an intelligent, and, for those days, a liberal-minded woman; her daughters spent far more time out of doors on horseback and playing garden games than was then the fashion among girls of birth and breeding. The family occasionally spent a winter abroad, and regular visits were paid to London, where the striking personal beauty of the two Miss Glynnes made them much sought after in society. It is said that William Ewart Gladstone first met Catherine Glynne at a dinner-party at the house of a friend, and that the latter, before introducing the young member of Parliament, said to her, "Look well at that young man; some day he will be Prime Minister." After this eventful meeting they met often, and it is on record that Mr. Gladstone, who soon became intimate with Lady Glynne's sons, paid a short

to the elder sister he seems to have been dowered with prophetic vision—

High hopes are thine, O eldest flower,
Great duties to be greatly done:
To soothe, in many a toil-worn hour,
The noble heart which thou hast won.

Covet not, then, the rest of those
Who sleep through life unknown to fame;
Fate grants not passionless repose
To her who weds a glorious name.

He presses on through calm and storm
Unshaken, let what will betide,
Thou hast an office to perform—
To be his answering spirit-bride.

Be thou a balmy breeze to him,
A fountain singing at his side,
A star whose light is never dim;
A pillar, through the waste to guide.

Even at the time of his marriage, Mr. Gladstone, who was already a well-known politician, had filled the office of Under-Secretary for the Colonies and also Vice-Secretary for the Board of Trade, and it was obvious that he would be offered an even more important position when the Tory Party returned to office. Those who believed and who have said that Mrs. Gladstone took little or no interest in politics except in so far as they affected her husband were singularly mistaken; on the contrary, few people, irrespective of sex, were more keenly and more intelligently concerned with the trend of public affairs. Mr. Gladstone once observed to an intimate friend: "My wife has known every political secret I have ever had, and has never betrayed my confidence"; and it is said that during their honeymoon the young member of Parliament said to his bride, "Do you prefer to know nothing and to be free of all responsibility, or will you hear everything and be bound to strict secrecy?" Mrs. Gladstone was far too true a woman not to choose the

It is Mr. W. H. Gladstone's only son, William Glynne Charles, who is now owner of Hawarden.

Mrs. Gladstone never allowed her rôle of mother to be merged in that of wife. To the public her name instinctively evokes the heroic figure and striking personality of her husband, for even those out of political sympathy with William Ewart Gladstone cannot deny that he was cast in a heroic mould. But those who had the privilege of seeing the husband and wife at Hawarden surrounded



MRS. GLADSTONE AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE.

by their children realised that Mrs. Gladstone was as much mother; as she was wife. Her daughters found in her the most loving companion and the tenderest friend: she shared to the full their joys and their sorrows; and when her eldest granddaughter, Catherine Mary Lavinia Wickham, the daughter of the Dean of Lincoln and of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's second child, Agnes, grew up into girlhood, she was presented at Court by her grandmother, the stately beauty of the old lady—for at the time Mrs. Gladstone was over eighty—forming a delightful and pathetic contrast to the youthful charm of her granddaughter.

No account of Mrs. Gladstone would be complete without some reference to her widespread and admirable charitable work. Even before her marriage, she had begun to work among the London poor, especially concerning herself with homeless wanderers of the class, so greatly to be pitied, who have known better days. And to the end of her life she did all in her power to ameliorate the administration of casual relief; indeed, it was mainly owing to her efforts that the Houseless Poor Act was passed. Over thirty years ago Tennyson wrote: "One cannot but feel humble in the presence of those whose lives are evidently one long sacrifice. . . . Mrs. Gladstone wears herself out by all her hospital work, in addition to the work of a Prime Minister's wife"; and it was while visiting the patients in the London Hospital that she first met Sir Andrew Clark, who soon became one of her own and Mr. Gladstone's most intimate friends. To her also was originally due the starting of the first Free Convalescent Homes, the Queen sending her a donation of £100. But, as is often the case with the



THE LATE MRS. GLADSTONE.

Born, January, 1812; Died, June 14, 1900.

second alternative, and she never betrayed the trust reposed in her—a course which naturally compelled her often to appear indifferent or ignorant of what was going on. Indeed, at one time stories of Mrs. Gladstone's obtuseness were widely current in society. In 1885 an indiscreet lady asked Mrs. Gladstone how her husband was bearing up under the many vehement attacks made on him. "I do not think he is much affected by them," replied Mrs. Gladstone, "for I hear him every morning singing in his bath." "He is like a kettle, then," replied the lady, "which sings when full of hot water"—a retort which, though it may not have pleased the wife of the Premier, probably appealed to her sense of humour. She herself would sometimes tell the story of a man who, after once seeing Mr. Gladstone on the platform of a country railway-station, wrote to him an extraordinary letter, which commenced: "You may not recollect me, but I know you; you looked at me, and oh! that dreadful eye went right through me."

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone had eight children, of whom six survive. The early death of Jessie Catherine—who, born in 1845, died in the April of 1850—was a source of deep sorrow to them both, and there still exists at Hawarden a full account in one of Mr. Gladstone's private diaries of the little girl's long illness. "Little Jessie," as she was known in the home circle, rests at Fasque, in the vault at the Episcopal Chapel built by Mr. Gladstone's father, where also are buried many other members of the family. Forty-one years later, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone had to sustain another bereavement of an even more painful nature, for in the July of 1891 their eldest child and son, William Henry Gladstone, sank after an operation. The following is the inscription on a tablet which was put up in Hawarden Church by his parents—

WILLIAM HENRY GLADSTONE.

BORN JUNE 3RD, 1840.

Uniting the singleheartedness of childhood to the full development of his mental powers and to high accomplishment, he closed in perfect peace a life of love and service to God and man on July 4, 1891.

Placed by his father and mother.

MRS. GLADSTONE'S GRANDMOTHER,
LADY GLYNNE.

visit to Hawarden in 1835. Only three years later, however, did his engagement to Miss Catherine Glynne, and that of his friend Lord Lyttelton to Miss Mary Glynne, take place, the double betrothal having occurred in Rome.

Mr. Gladstone was fond of recalling the fact that Hawarden was in a peculiar sense associated with all the leading events of his life. It was there, on July 25, 1839, a year and a month after the Queen's coronation, that the weddings of the two lovely sisters took place. Mr. Gladstone's best man, the late Sir Francis Doyle, wrote in honour of the occasion a charming poem, entitled "The Sister Brides," and in those lines addressed



MRS. GLADSTONE.

From the Portrait by George Richmond, R.A.

really earnest workers in our midst, Mrs. Gladstone's good works were carried out so unobtrusively that probably many would be surprised to hear that she might well be given a place among the leading philanthropists of her generation. There can, however, be no doubt that it is as Mr. Gladstone's wife that Mrs. Gladstone would best wish to be remembered. To her in that capacity Mr. Gladstone, during the last days of their joint lives, paid many touching tributes, to which, perhaps, not the least was that one simple line in his will which ran, "I desire to be buried where my wife can also lie."

TOLD by a RECTOR'S WIFE

by Katharine S.
MacQuoid

ILLUSTRATED BY ADOLF THIEDE.

MY BIT OF SUNSHINE.

AN old proverb says, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." One's own journey through life seems to teach that this is true. My journey has seldom carried me far beyond the village in which my lot has placed me, yet there has always been plenty to interest and even to amuse me in the chequered lives, the joys and sorrows of the people of Saybourne, and of others who live near enough to be called our neighbours. We cannot go far afield, my husband and I—Raymond has been for thirty years Rector of Saybourne, ever since our marriage. We have only a humble pony-carriage.

We have never had a child since that first little baby whose grave is still fresh and green and flower-decked in the churchyard across the road, a sweet peaceful place; but other children, not of kin to either of us, have crept into my heart, and made themselves so dear that their love has soothed that first great sorrow. The church and graveyard are in summer screened by a high rose-decked hedge; the road beyond leads to Saybourne Court.

This morning a letter has set me thinking about Roger Brown and our good doctor's daughter, Millicent, and I am going to tell you their story, sometimes by what I saw; sometimes by what has been told me.

Merry blue-eyed Milly was sitting with me in the fernery that led out of my drawing-room. The room is long and rather narrow, with a shallow bow-window at the end opposite the door; a wide archway on the right shows a continuation of this room full of cosy chairs and lounges; at the end, out of sight of the first room, is a glass-roofed conservatory, or, as Raymond calls it, my fernery.

"What ails you, Milly? My bit of sunshine looks overcast." This lovely thirteen-year-old girl always called me "auntie," and I called her my "bit of sunshine." I wonder why I loved Milly so dearly; she had early lost her mother, and she clung to me, and she was so sweet, so bright, and so dainty that I lost my heart to her when she was quite a baby.

"You called me that yesterday, auntie, before Roger, and what do you think he said as we went down-hill?" She pouted her lovely red lips. "He said, 'That's all you're good for, Milly, just to smile and look bright.'"

I saw tears on her curved brown eyelashes; I could not bear to see Milly sad. She came in nearly every day on her way from Saybourne Court. Our Squire, Mr. Stenson, had been a far-off cousin of Dr. Dacre—both men were widowers—and after Mrs. Dacre's death, little Millicent used to go daily to the Court to be taught by her cousin Mary Stenson's governess. Mary Stenson was now grown up, but when she was at the Court she gave Milly lessons in French and music.

"Roger was teasing; I'm sure he's fond of you." "Is he?" she looked wistful. "I wonder you can think so, auntie. He liked to play with me when I was

little, but now"—she shook her head—"why, auntie, if he can get another fellow, and a cricket-ball, he wouldn't care if I died."

"Oh, Milly!" I spoke to empty air; my bit of sunshine had scampered off towards the big red-brick house below the Rectory.

On either side of the road trees rose above the hedges; the path on our side was paved by irregular stone slabs. Raymond calls this The Appian Way; it is quaint and suits our village. The doctor's house is screened by a high yew hedge cut into a formal arch above the gate. One could see through this that the brickwork must be red from the red chimney-stacks that topped the roof, and the red mouldings beneath the weather-stained tiles; below the eaves, vines and passion-flowers, cream-tinted and blushing roses, with a wealth of starry jasmine and big purple clematis, fought for every inch of brickwork, crossing and recrossing one another in their efforts to impede the upward growth of a large ruddy-fruited pear-tree, trained against the lower part of the house-front.

The stone-paved way went unevenly down beside a straggling row of well-kept cottages, with here and there a garden beside them, or a climbing rose or flame-coloured nasturtium decking the white walls, and striving to overtake the vine sprays which had reached the thatched eaves. Below the hill the path was crossed by a broad road which, on the left, led to Oxford. I do not believe there is a sweeter village than Saybourne in the length and breadth of England.

Before Milly reached the doctor's house, she turned into a lane on the left, which divides our farmyard from the doctor's garden. She hurried along this, and then across the waste heath which rises beyond it, till she reached the Camp, as our Saybourne people call it, a grassed knoll, wooded by a thick circle of oaks, and carpeted in places with huge tufts of bracken and bramble. The place was often solitary, and when Milly reached the top she gave a cry of surprise.

Two boys came creeping from beneath the oak-boughs. One of them was pale and tall; his black eyes gleamed as he saw Milly; the other, shorter but better built, had broad shoulders and a deep chest; his straight Roman face, with square-cut brows and deep-set grey eyes, was singularly attractive. He frowned when he saw Milly, and turned his back on her.

Milly flushed, and drew up her slender body.

"Good evening, Peter, I did not know you were home," she said demurely.

Peter and his people were Londoners. They had only lived at Hightleet since the house was finished, not yet a year ago. The lad was easy mannered; he smiled as he took Milly's slim hand, and looked delighted to see her.

Milly was pleased, and fluttered; she glanced at Roger. He seemed not to know she was there, he was so bent on knocking acorns from the oak bough overhead.

"Good evening, Roger," in an impatient tone.

"All right," Roger nodded at her. "Come along, Peter, if we're going to set the trap for that stoat, we'd best look alive. We haven't a minute to spare, Milly."

He dashed off in the opposite direction to that by which he had entered the Camp, and Peter followed when he had said good-bye to Milly.

The girl sat down beside a clump of brake and pulled up the grass by handfuls.

Her yellow straw hat cast her blue eyes into shade, but her pouting red lips, her full round throat, and pretty little ears were in full light.

"How rude, how unmannerly Roger Brown is! Peter Hinton is worth ten of him; and last holidays I thought Peter was a sneak. What a goose I was!"

She rose and looked round her. For a wide space in front the oaks ceased, and a broad rolling stretch of country opened before her; the heath, many-coloured with gorse and brake and purple heather, dipped down to the yellow high road, and then rose again, a vast expanse of green and gold, corn and meadow-land well contrasted, as one hill-range rose beyond another, till all melted into the horizon-line of soft blue.

Suddenly Milly exclaimed: "There's father!"

She pulled out her handkerchief and waved it at a small black moving speck on the yellow road; her practised eyes had recognised her father's gig and his old black mare, Peggy.

"I'm ever so glad; I must run, or he'll be home first. I'll not think any more about Roger; but he's horrid, all the same."

II.

There was surely never a more charming sight than the ball-room at Hightleet. Here and there in corners huge palms and tree-ferns, with tall white lilies nestling below them, made cool retreats for the waltzers: it was Peter Hinton's twenty-first birthday. He was the younger of Mr. Hinton's two sons, but he was extremely popular, especially with women. The Hintons could not count as many generations as the Stensons could, and they were new people among us; but they were very wealthy. They had made a splendid place out of the old ruined Manor House; though Peter was not the heir to Hightleet, he would certainly have plenty of money.

He was a striking figure to-night: tall and distinguished, alert and graceful, he stood near me close to a tall palm, watching Milly Dacre waltz with Roger Brown.

Milly Dacre looked lovely, with all the exquisite freshness of a girl in her first ball-frock.

I sat admiring her, and I was delighted to see Roger again: this was his first visit to the neighbourhood since he left Winchester.

He and Peter Hinton were both in the Army; but Roger had gone at once to India, and Peter had become a Guardsman. Roger was an only child, and his parents

had passed most of their time in India. His guardian, General Streetly, had lived near Saybourne, but he died while his ward was at Winchester. I had always fancied either Roger or Peter would marry my pretty Milly, but I only said so to Raymond.

"Marriages are made in heaven, Rachel," he answered, laughing.

Roger's waltz step did not suit so well with Milly's as Peter's did just now when he danced with her; he was staring impatiently at the pair of waltzers, his flexible lips curved into a sneer as he watched the girl's partner.

"She moves like a fairy on those dear little feet, doesn't she," he said to me: "she is wasted on a clumsy partner."

I pretended not to hear. Just then Roger and his partner stood still to rest under the palms; he looked with warm admiration at Milly, but her blue eyes roved rather restlessly; I saw that they followed Peter as he moved away.

"Isn't it all lovely?" she said. "It's like a dream, everything looks exquisite under this soft light; I wonder who planned this charming arrangement."

Roger laughed.

"Peter says the greenery was his idea; but Peter did not make all these pretty girls and their gay dresses; they give real life and sparkle to the ball. It is a glorious thing to be a woman, isn't it, Milly?"

She looked quickly at him and saw his mischievous smile.

"You always did despise girls, even when you were a schoolboy."

"Do you know that I'm still a schoolboy?" he laughed. Milly looked almost reproving.

"You are much older than I am."

She held her head up with a little air of dignity; the dear child could hardly keep tears out of her eyes. She seemed to feel that Roger was treating her like a child, while everyone else knew that she was grown up. "Everyone else" being Peter Hutton, who by words and looks had flattered her ever since she came into the hall-room.

"I shall probably be a learner all my life," Roger said, "but I really go to school again now; I am being coached for an exam. I want to get a Staff appointment. I say, you think me a very bad partner, don't you?"

And the foolish fellow looked beseechingly into her sweet blue eyes.

Instantly Milly's eyes sparkled with mischief.

"I'm afraid your coach doesn't teach dancing."

He looked mortified.

"Was it as bad as that? Well, I must practise; perhaps next time I shall waltz all right."

Milly shook her head.

"Some things can't be learned. I am sure dancing can't—it's born in people, like poetry. When I was in town I saw a dirty little tot of a child dancing beautifully to a street organ. I longed to get out of the carriage and watch her."

"I am so sorry I spoiled your dance. By the way, what did you mean just now? You said I despised girls; you know I could not despise you."

But Milly had been watching for Peter: he danced so perfectly, she told herself. "Couldn't you?" she said indifferently.

"Shall we have another try?" Roger said in a hesitating way. It seemed selfish to victimise this sweet girl, and yet he could not help it.

Peter Hutton was now a few yards from them.

"I'll sit down, please, by Mrs. Harte."

"No, no, do try again, Milly!"—Peter had heard, he came nearer—"for a few minutes." Roger pleaded, and then the unwary fellow turned to me. "I say, Mrs. Harte, do please persuade Milly to give me another chance—Why, what is it? you look frightened—"

"Look over there—tell Mr. Hutton!"

A candle had fallen out of a large ring opposite and was burning on the floor, close to a basket-chair. Roger dashed across, but it took some minutes to stamp out the flame, which had caught the chair. Neither Peter nor Milly had noticed Roger's action; they only saw that he had disappeared.

"You will be kind enough to give me the rest of the waltz, will you not?" Peter said.

His arm slipped round her, and Milly felt happy again as she waltzed on in perfect unison with her partner. Soon the eyes of others began to follow them as they glided along, they seemed guided by one spirit in complete harmony of action.

"By Jove!" Mr. Hutton exclaimed to his wife, "that's the prettiest thing I've seen this long time! Who is that charming girl, Nancy?"

All eyes were now fixed on the waltzers; one after another the others stopped and left a clear space. Some one clapped his hands; at once the other men applauded vigorously. Roger Brown had come back, and was standing near me when the waltzers stopped, breathless, a few paces away from him.

Milly leaned on her partner's arm; she was confused by

one else's (unless it be Raymond's). Roger had always been so poor in relatives that from the first he had called me by Milly's pet name.

"But you are coming back again soon?"

"I'm afraid not. I'm so sorry. My father talks of giving up the Army and taking a place in Scotland; so I suppose when I'm at home I shall spend my time with him."

I was looking hard at Roger, and he certainly did not seem vexed: in extra good spirits, I should have said, if I had not seen his stern face last night.

Had he seen Milly, and had they made it up?

"Going so soon? It's very tiresome, when we've not seen you so long. The Rector and I have been planning a picnic and various expeditions, and, of course, we counted on your assistance."

"There are others who will be delighted to join any party of yours, Mrs. Harte."

"Perhaps; but they will not be you. Have you been to the Warren?"

His face suddenly looked like a storm-cloud, yet he tried to smile.

"I hadn't time—please give my love to the doctor."

His eyes warned me to be silent, but I did not choose to obey; it was not kind, not Christian that he should go away from Saybourne with no intention of coming back to it, without any leave-taking with Milly—why, he had always called the child his little wife. I do not care to beat about the bush.

"Have you said good-bye to Milly?"

He walked away to the fernery, and answered—half over his shoulder—

"No, Mrs. Harte," very stiffly, as if he meant, "Mind your own business." "Shall I find your husband in his study?"

"The Rector had to go to a justice meeting at Mitford; he went away early."

There was always something reserved as well as masterful in Roger Brown. From the first time he came, a boy of eight, to live with his guardian, General Streetly, he had had his own way with me and with many others. He was so sensible, so square-headed, Dr. Daere said, and so reticent about feelings that if he had any masculine sillinesses he kept them out of sight.

I knew that it was useless to say any more about Milly. I wished him success in his exam, and asked him to write to me; he shook hands heartily and went.

Milly came up in the afternoon—she was listless and contradictory. "No, I did not enjoy the ball," she said. "I don't care if I never dance again."

She wandered about and pinched one of my poor little ferns till I had to remonstrate. I wondered whether she knew of Roger's departure. Raymond was still away, and as yet I had not told him anything about the ball. The door opened, and there he was.

He smiled genially at Milly.

"I hear you were a success last night," he said, looking hard at her. "But why is Roger Brown leaving us so soon? I find he has said 'Good-bye' to Saybourne, eh?"

I had been watching. I saw a flame of colour leap to her face, then it sank, and she was pale.

"Roger is not gone, Mrs. Harte, is he?"

"Yes; he said he was leaving at once; he sent his love to your father."

A look of keen pain quivered in her eyes, her lips trembled, then she forced a smile.

"I'd best go and deliver that message, hadn't I," she said defiantly. Nodding at us both, she hurried away.

IV.

It is interesting to note how the goods and ills of life come occasionally hand in hand. For some time past Dr. Daere's eyes had been a trouble to him, and now, just when he was warned to spare them if he wished to escape partial blindness, his old uncle died and left him a country place and a competence. This eye trouble obliged him to leave his beloved Saybourne, and he and Milly went to their new home in Yorkshire. To my surprise, Milly seemed glad to say "Good-bye" to us all. She had changed very much during the past year, and I began to



Milly leaned on her partner's arm; she was confused by the buzz of applause and the admiring looks that greeted her.

the buzz of applause and the admiring looks that greeted her; she glanced towards me and met Roger's stern gaze. The room seemed to go round with her. Her only impulse was to get away from all these eyes. Something told her Roger had a right to be very angry.

"I'll sit down," she said hurriedly, "I'm tired." Then she whispered, "Shan't we go home, dear auntie?"

Peter kept near us.

"Supper's announced," he said. "Shan't I take you both to the supper-room?—or stay, Brown will take you, Mrs. Harte— Confound it, where is the fellow?"

Roger had suddenly disappeared.

III.

I was going round my room, feather-brush in hand, for I like to dust grandmother's dainty bits of Nankin china myself, also to water my maidenhair ferns and other delicate pets in the green nook I love. I was really very busy when Roger Brown was announced.

"I'm come to say 'Good-bye,' auntie, I'm off to town," he said, with that wonderful smile of his, like no

fear not for the better. She had lost her roses, I missed her merry laughter, and a peevish expression drew down the corners of her pretty mouth when anything did not go smoothly.

"You have spoiled the girl," my husband said; "she is proving to you that she is a mere human being, after all. She will be better with strangers, who expect good behaviour and make no allowances."

"I fear your sweet 'bit of sunshine' is a flirt"—Mrs. Hunton eyed me severely—"but you must have seen how she encouraged Peter at our ball; everyone noticed it. Indeed, all the time he was down here she seemed pleased to be with him. I, of course, thought they understood each other, or I should never have asked her so much to Highfleet; Peter told me so, and I told Roger Brown so the morning after the ball. Poor dear Peter had promised his

The girl held up her hand to shield her eyes, and her father, sitting beside her, saw how transparent the little fingers had become in these last weeks. He put down his newspaper and looked long and keenly at her.

"Milly," he said at last, "what is the matter, child; you are keeping something from me?"

She darted a terrified glance at him, and then laughed in her own bright way.

"You have been reading romantic novels, father. Please don't take up fancies."

He shook his head at her. All these years he had let her take her own way; now his unerring instinct warned him that the girl had a secret, and, more than that, the secret menaced her life.

"Milly," he said, so tenderly that tears came into her sweet blue eyes, "I am not an alarmist, but I am going to take you in hand like any paying patient. To begin with,

She leaned over, took his brown hand, and laid her cheek on it. Then she whispered softly—

"There is someone else—but he does not care for me."

VI.

After that talk Milly grew brighter. It was a relief to have told her father, and to be spared the daily wistful looks which had so tried her; she was very grateful to him that he did not question her further.

They were spending the morning, as usual, on the beach, he with his paper, and the girl with her book. All at once Dr. Dacre rose and turned homewards.

"Father!" Milly cried, and then she looked round her.

Coming from the point, only thirty yards away, was Roger Brown. His straw hat hid his eyes; but she saw the dear old smile on his lips, and she felt in a flash (she has since told me) her doubts and sorrow and mortification



Coming from the point, only thirty yards away,

was Roger Brown.

father that he would not propose till he got his Captaincy, and then when he wrote and asked her, the girl actually sent him a decided refusal. That was a year ago, and he's never come to Highfleet since. I can't say how glad I am the Dacres have left the place, though we all regret our clever doctor."

It is wonderful how much one learns about even dear friends when their backs are turned. Milly had not seemed reserved with me, yet Mrs. Hunton's news came like a thunderbolt.

"So that was why Roger went away," I said to myself; aloud to Mrs. Hunton, "I think Milly's out of health," by way of saying something.

And this was true. Dr. Dacre had written to tell us that Milly was losing her looks and her strength; he was going to take her to the sea.

V.

Milly looked very delicate as she sat in a nest of cloaks which her father had arranged for her on the beach. It was near sunset, and a rich colour glowed on the usually brown rocks and turned the quivering sea-weed to gold.

this is my first prescription: you are to put full confidence in my remedies.

"Father! as if I ever doubted you in my life!"

He looked reproachful.

"And yet, dear, you let me learn your secrets—one of them at least—from others." He paused, and she flushed deeply. "I mean that young Hunton proposed to you and you refused him."

She sat upright, with a look of surprise on her sweet, thin face.

"Did you want me to marry him, father?"

But his keen searching glance made her eyes droop.

"No, Milly; but I want to know, and you must tell me, why you refused the offer?"

She did not answer for a long while: her head drooped lower, and she sat twisting her thin fingers as though to get an answer from them.

When he saw warm colour suffuse her throat and the dainty ear nearest him, Dr. Dacre looked away—he felt like an intruder.

"If her mother had only lived! I am too blunt and clumsy," he thought. He sighed heavily; Milly understood.

roll away in a huge cloud—she was the happiest girl in the world.

And setting apart the necessary sorrows and trials of human life, Milly has been very happy since that blissful meeting; at least she says so.

THE END.

In 1897 the Mansion House Indian Famine Fund amounted to £700,000, but this year only £370,000 has been subscribed. Lord Curzon makes this a subject of reproach, and the best reply is to increase the subscription rapidly.

A singular story comes from Melbourne of a lady who horse-whipped the Postmaster-General there because she thought he had prevented a young official from joining the Australian contingent. She was not very clear in her mind on the subject, but believed that by assaulting some prominent person she would attain her object. Apparently she was right, for the young official in whom she was interested has been ordered to South Africa. This is a cheerful precedent, which will probably be followed by energetic ladies elsewhere.



CAMPAIGNING IN THE FREE STATE: LORD ROBERTS AND STAFF STARTING OUT FOR A RECONNAISSANCE FROM HIS HEADQUARTERS AT SMALDEEL.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Grant Allen. By Edward Clodd. (London: Grant Richards.)
Nude Souls. By Benjamin Swift. (London: Heinemann.) 6s.
The Spendthrift. By Francis Dodsworth. (London: Grant Richards.) 6s.
Juggling Fortune. By T. W. Speight. (London: John Long.) 3s. 6d.
Mr. Le Gallienne. By Richard Le Gallienne. (London: Grant Richards.) 6s.
The Case of Pharon. A Play in Four Acts. By Alfred Sutro. With an Introduction by Maurice Maeterlinck. (London: Grant Richards.) 3s. 6d.
The Evolution of the English Novel. By Professor F. H. Stoddard. (New York: Macmillan Company.) 6s.

Mr. Clodd has written a memoir of Grant Allen which is both appreciative and just. Its chief value is that it reveals the real character of the man who was known to many readers as an iconoclast and a hard rider of scientific hobbies. To his friends he was a singularly attractive



GRANT ALLEN.

Clodd, *Life and Essay*

Frontispiece to the Memoir Published by Grant Richards.

companion, with a marvellous knowledge of natural history, an intense love of art, and a rare faculty of communicating both. When he mounted a hobby in the private circle he gave the greatest delight of all, for he was a disputant at whose touch all bitterness vanished from controversy. Men who differed from him about everything on earth, men whose tempers are not angelic, were tamed by the sweetness of his nature, although he would never concede a hair's breadth in an argument. He was a kind of Herr Seeth in his management of controversial lions. Mr. Clodd prints some interesting letters addressed to Allen by Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Alfred Russel Wallace, and Huxley. These ought effectually to dispose of the assertion that Allen was a mere conduit of greater minds. From Darwin in particular there are repeated acknowledgments of Allen's new and original illustrations of the theory of evolution. As a social reformer, the author of "The Woman Who Did" was not upon such solid ground. That unhappy book did him an injury he was never able to understand. His motive was unquestionably honest; he had sincerely persuaded himself that the institution of marriage did more harm than good. It is conceivable that such a belief might be so urged as to be taken seriously, but the method employed by Grant Allen made it grotesque. As Mr. Clodd says, judiciously and kindly, it was "largely affected by undue insistence upon one set of facts to the minimising or excluding of others." To this rather serious defect in a scientific man must be added an unlucky want of humour. Humour, which more than any other faculty discerns the true proportions of life, could never have produced "The Woman Who Did" and "The British Barbarians." Probably it is the remarkable range of his mental endowment that makes Grant Allen's limitations and failures so surprising. One does not wonder that Darwin found Shakspeare "intolerably dull," but it is wonderful that Allen shared that opinion. The explanation may be that Shakspeare is full of the sense of mystery that takes shape in the supernatural, and the supernatural Allen never could tolerate even in fiction and poetry.

It is in itself something of a compliment to Mr. Benjamin Swift if we confess that it is with the matter and not the manner of his writing that we have a quarrel. In an age of so-called stylists we have been favoured with several examples of writers who have achieved quite a remarkable manner at the expense, it seemed, of their matter, for after they had got their expression to their liking, they had placed the reader in the position of being able to discover that, after all, where everything had been exquisitely said, nothing had been exquisitely said. Mr. Benjamin Swift, without any pretentiousness of style, and possessing what is, on the whole, a good sound mastery of English—bating, perhaps, a somewhat insidious temptation to lapse into Meredithese—is never without something to say, and is always quite sure

of what he wants to say, and it is just here that we join issue with him. He presents a most remarkable instance of talent gone awry. He has somehow or other—perhaps during a course of philosophy in Scotland—become profoundly impressed with the idea of the evil there is in the world. Like the field preacher, he must "tell it out." The result is a series of excessively revolting images, flung on the canvas powerfully enough, it is true, but achieving no effect save that of hideousness. In "Nude Souls" Mr. Benjamin Swift has scarcely completed his second chapter before he has presented us with an image of senile profligacy which makes us almost despair of the author's amendment. "Nude Souls," indeed, is particularly nude and particularly soulless. From "Nancy Noon" to "Dartnell," Mr. Swift's work has been one long descent of objectionable imaginings. Of the story, such as it is, little need be said. An evil-disposed land-steward, Edwin Rewbell, to save old Lord Mompeyson's name, brings down from London a broken printseller, who for a consideration marries the girl. In the train of printseller Niclay come various instruments of Nemesis, the most notable of these being Dr. Horneck and his niece, who between them, not through any evil disposition but by sheer force of circumstances, accomplish the undoing of young Lord Mompeyson. The sin with which the book begins repeats itself to the exceeding bitter end, and in his sins we fear we must leave Mr. Benjamin Swift. In the words of Scripture, he is "joined to his idol: let him alone." The pity of it is that withal he is so capable of better things.

"The Spendthrift" is scarcely pleasant reading, and it has not even the secondary merit of being profitable. At the outset we are confronted by a weak-minded young man, who, with £15,000 behind him, proceeds to sow his wild oats. Throughout the volume he does very little else, and hereafter, in the end, the harvest of bitterness. At the story and its probabilities we do not cavil. Such things, unfortunately, happen every day, but that any one should be at the pains to set them down is a legitimate cause for wonder. The exercise of the imagination is the novelist's prerogative, but the present volume is unilluminated by any trace of fancy; its sordid realism has no alloy. The author writes throughout from the dimmest standpoint conceivable; most of his other characters are on a par with the "hero" (we use the conventional term for want of a better)—that is, when they are not worse. The heroine, well enough in her way, is almost a nonentity; the upright father has nothing to commend him, save his integrity; he is shorn of all the softer virtues, and steels his heart to the last against the prodigal, to whom he writes thus: "To Mr. Devan, jun. Sir,—I shall be obliged if you would not presume upon the accidental relationship which, unfortunately, exists between us, to solicit pecuniary aid," and yet we are asked to believe that he is not devoid of feeling! For the rest, the gay life that is not gay is presented without alleviation: with women and horses, cards and wine, the spendthrift rushes "swift to destruction." Throughout there is no sense of lifting: nothing to suggest that in all God's world there are better things. The writer, to whom Heaven has vouchsafed no open vision, does well when he holds his peace.

Mr. Speight handicapped himself heavily when he attempted the Dickens-like task of writing what he calls in his sub-title "An everyday romance" about middle-class people. Much observation has enabled him to describe their lives with accuracy—with a grain of perception or a gleam of humour they might also have been made entertaining; but neither grain nor gleam is here. A duller, less interesting set of people surely never saw the light of printed page. The characters include a number of poor relations, most of them virtuous and struggling; two young artists, with their way to make; and a handful of wealthy upstarts, some of whom are not virtuous at all, though they still contrive to be dull. Mr. Straker, inventor of "Straker's world-famed pork rolls," is the very incarnation of stolid respectability, his one inconsistency being an infrequent mis-use of the English language. As a rule, he expressed himself well enough, but—and this must have been very distressing for poor Mrs. Straker—on great occasions he invariably relapsed into slang. The book is ill-contrived, and, in places, ill-written. Mr. Speight is not content to present his characters as they are. He constantly reverts into their past history, with the result that many dull and superfluous pages impede the progress of the narrative. Nothing is left to the imagination: every trivial relationship is carefully explained in a manner that smacks of school history. But in the end the virtuous are all rewarded, most of the wicked repent with a stagey, clock-work sort of repentance, and the curtain falls on wedded bliss and peaceful age. If "Juggling Fortune" has a moral it is that circumstances and environment account for most things.

Mr. Le Gallienne has collected in a volume some pleasant papers born of the wanderings of an observant and poetical cyclist. They are not of momentous import; but they may be read with profit by any cyclist who models his itinerary on Mr. Le Gallienne's experience. The chief defect of cycling as a pastime is that it does not beget reflection. A cyclist is chiefly anxious to register his mileage. On this pernicious habit Mr. Le Gallienne pronounces this final judgment: "Speed is a method by which we miss as much as possible between our starting point and our destination." The railway traveller may read this without any wringing of withers; in his case a journey demands the utmost economy of time. But the cyclist who is riding for pleasure has no such justification. His duty is to gather impressions by the wayside, to ponder them, to let them extend his knowledge and educate his emotions. That is the real purpose of Mr. Le Gallienne's book: to teach the cyclist to observe and feel. It is not always possible to do this with originality. At Stratford-on-Avon, for instance, Mr. Le Gallienne was fully aware that everything that can be thought, felt, and uttered about Stratford-on-Avon has gone through all three processes. But he consoled himself with the reflection that the country people thereabouts were innocent of this. He might have

added that county families with property near Stratford-on-Avon are suspected of being considerably bored by the Shakspeare associations. The cyclist who wheels pensively through Warwickshire ought to derive no little satisfaction from the thought that he is superior to the county families. In a word, he should feel that on every excursion he is a kind of argosy, laden with golden lore. Better off even than the lady in the nursery rhyme—

His memory ringing
 With verse and with prose,
 He shall have music
 Wherever he goes.

This is one excellent reason why he should read Mr. Le Gallienne's volume, and profit by its erudition and fantasy.

In his Introduction to Mr. Alfred Sutro's play, M. Maeterlinck insists on his familiar theory that the drama of to-day lacks potent charm because it lacks the elements of fate and mystery. There is not much mystery in Mr. Sutro's drama, which is a painful and very clear-sighted study of some facts of life. A literary man is wedded to a woman who loves but does not understand him; he meets a neglected wife who can both love and understand. The course of the story is not difficult to guess. Mr. Sutro unfolds it with great skill and pitiless lucidity. The dialogue is remarkable for its grip of character and mood. Mr. Sutro has not studied Ibsen's technique for nothing. How admirably, for example, this illustrates the erring literary gentleman's temperament and ethics: "Mother, I feel like a man who for years has been digging his potato-field, and suddenly picks up a nugget—on the field adjoining. You see? And the world wants gold." He believes that the stimulus of the neglected wife's companionship will enable him to satisfy this want. The experiment is not happy, for the book he produces under this influence is suddenly revealed to him (by his publisher) as a gross and commercially useful pandering to the worst appetites. Dramatically, this is very effective; logically, it is not quite so successful.

"The Evolution of the English Novel" is a book of admirable qualities. It is learned, yet not overloaded with its learning, the wide reading of the author being used lightly and serviceably to illustrate his theories. It is philosophic, the writer attempting to find some inner law that shall explain the progress of the novel in its various forms; but it is not dogmatic, as the book of a man who sets out to justify a philosophic theory is apt to be. Mr. Stoddard is never blind to the need of qualifications and of gentle, undogmatic statements. For that reason his theory is all the more convincing. It is a theory that commends itself greatly to those who believe that the best fiction must study human character, and show how it issues inevitably in human action—show, that is, how each man is his own Nemesis. Mr. Stoddard brings us through the Historical Novel, the Romantic Novel, the Novel of Purpose, to the Modern Novel and its Mission. He shows that there is a constant growth in a certain direction throughout these various forms. Men proceed gradually from the portrayal of the outer, the objective, the external, to a presentation of the inner, the subjective, the spiritual. And that is the only delineation which is of ultimate importance. It is a true and inspiring theory.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

Royal Arch. George James Cawthorne and Richard S. Herod. (Longmans.) 31s. 6d.
Studies in Love. Maude Ezerton King. (Dent.) 4s. 6d.
Monner's Mystic Play. Alastor Graeme. (New Century Press.)
Talks with Old English Cricketers. A. W. Pullin. (Blackwood.) 6s.
Jon Ober. Orme Aenus. (Ward, Lock.)
A Sportsman in India. Isabel Savory. (Hutchinson.) 18s.
Le Comte de Grailhac. The Temple Mothers. (Dent.) 1s. 6d.



THE MAUPASSANT MEMORIAL AT ROUEN.

The monument to Guy de Maupassant, which was unveiled at Rouen on May 27, was designed by M. Bernier, the portrait bust being executed by M. Verlet. The inaugural ceremony was attended by many notables of French literary and artistic life, and speeches were delivered by M. de Heredia, Henry Fouquier, Marcel Cartier, M. Cordouan, who represented the Maupassant family, and M. Guston Le Breton, president of the committee, to whose kindness we are indebted for permission to reproduce the illustration of the memorial.



ROYAL HUNT CUP DAY AT ASCOT.

Drawn by Hal Hurst, E.I.

LADIES' PAGE.

The Queen has conferred the new "Order" for men and women alike. "the Kaiser-i-Hind medal for Service in India," on the Maharani of Hatwa, in the Saran district, Bengal. This lady is one of those Indian Princesses of whom John Stuart Mill spoke so highly, from his experience of their administration gained during his tenure of office in the East India Company's service. She is the legal regent of the kingdom till her son, now a child of six, shall be of age; and it appears that she has shown all that talent for "vigilant, economical, and strong government—orderly without oppression, and leading to extended cultivation and popular prosperity—" which Mr. Mill declared characterised in three cases out of four the administration of the Hindu widowed Princesses. The Maharani of Hatwa is also a great helper of hospitals and other institutions for the good of her people; and above all, she has shown that ability to choose good advisers and abide by their counsel which is really the chief talent of a ruling Prince. Nothing contributed more to the greatness of the reign of Elizabeth than the possession of that ability. When she was only twenty-five she selected



MRS. DERINGTON TURNER AND HER SON.

Miniature Exhibited at the New Gallery by Miss Edith Maas, whose miniature of General Baden-Powell was sold at Christie's for 30 guineas.

Commons against such a Franchise Bill. Not till the suffrage advocates can rally their own sex round their banner beyond this point is there much use in their endeavouring to call on men to aid their cause. Lady Grove moved a resolution, which was seconded by Mrs. Stanton Blatch, M.A., to the effect that the Executive Committee of the Federation should give no official help to a candidate who was not known to be in favour of women's suffrage; and this proposition was lost by 394 to 172 votes. The discussion on restrictions on the industry of women that do not also apply to the labour of men in the same trades terminated in the passing of Mrs. Charles MacLaren's resolution to the effect that such legislation is considered prejudicial to the interests of working women.

While the more serious-minded ladies were debating these important questions the fashionable world was enjoying the beauties of nature and civilisation in combination at Ascot. Though the absence of so many men in South Africa, and the fact that the Princesses all refrained from attending, deprived the gathering of some of its usual effects, the crowd seemed as great and the frocks as smart as ever. The delightful English climate gave us a day of broiling heat, then a day of showers and cool winds, and a third day perfect for a time, but culminating in a storm. So there was an opportunity to wear and display every sort of toilette. The dress of this season will live in memory for its tenderness of colour and its unexaggerated grace of outline. The trains are shorter and the skirts are not so contracted as last year; while the pastel tints so much worn and the great liking for white, black, and grey give a cool and soft effect to the *tout ensemble*. Muslins and chiffons carried all before them on the hot day that opened the meeting. The smartest were the painted white muslins, of which several were seen. Iris and geranium in natural tints were the flowers that were usually chosen to paint, roses being apparently thought too large by the artists. But Lady Carnarvon's white muslin was painted in pink roses of the tiny monthly variety, tied up with ribbon bows; her hat was black, with large roses upon it and under the brim. Lady Wood had a white muslin painted with hydrangeas, and the same flowers with blue satin bows in her toque. Lady Crewe has the pleasure of chaperoning, as her character of mignon, her sister and step-daughter of near her own years. Lady Crewe's dress was white and trimmed with beautiful lace. Lady Sybil Primrose wore a white muslin encrusted with Cluny lace, and finished with a sash of white silk; and Lady Amabel Milnes wore pale yellow crepe-de-chine with insertions of lace. Grey was very popular, shading sometimes to heliotrope, sometimes approaching to lead-colour. One of the softest shades in lavender-grey proved very becoming to the Duchess of Devonshire, the material being a combination of chiffon and silk, with a vest encrusted with lace and encased with black velvet bars; with this went a toque of mauve chiffon interwoven with white tulle and trimmed high with fans of lace. Lady



THE ROYAL HUNT CUP.

The Royal Hunt Cup of 1899 takes the form of a pair of Pompeian tankards. The cups, designed and executed by Messrs. Hancock and Co., are fine specimens of chased repoussé work in silver. The subject is that of a classic feast in Pompeii. The value of the cups is £500.

Lurgan had a pretty toque of gold-embroidered transparent net trimmed with wings of the same net and mauve chiffon; this accompanied a gown of heliotrope voile with lace insertions. For the most part, as I foretold, broad-brimmed Leghorn hats with the brims caught up or twisted to suit the face of the wearer were in evidence. Lady Marjorie Carrington's was particularly pretty, trimmed low with trails of honeysuckle. Lady Gosford's hat looked well trimmed both above and under the brim with convolvulus. These trailing low trimmings are quite the *chic* of the moment; but those women who are better suited with high floral aigrettes, or tulle and lace and embroidered wings rising well above the face, are still wearing them. The neck-ruffles are another of the special features of the hour. It is impossible to look smart without one. Feather boas are very becoming; the Duchess of Devonshire finished off her toilette with a lovely one of marabout and ostrich feathers mixed; but for such a warm day as the first one of the Ascot meeting, tulle or chiffon looked more in place. Those of white or yellow chiffon, each ruffling of the neck portion trimmed with single petals of roses or with violets, so lightly laid on that it seems as if those dainty leaves and touches of colour have fallen like snowflakes on the place where they rest, are, perhaps, the most charming of all. But every



A MODISH RACE-GOWN.

woman with pretensions to be well dressed wore some sort of full and fluffy ruffle, and this added much to the ethereal grace of the scene as a whole.

Our Illustrations this week show a smart dust-cloak and a race-gown that the cloak might well cover during a drive or a passing shower. The cloak is in alpaca, tucked and cut so as to give an Empire effect, and trimmed with lace bands and revers. The gown in the other figure is of muslin, with coat and trimmings formed by bands of velvet and lace, and the hat is of lace and velvet to harmonise.

Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons recently submitted for inspection at their premises in Wigmore Street their twentieth-century models of pianos, prior to placing the various new instruments on the market. These include some ten new models in grands, obliques, and uprights, which worthily uphold the reputation of the firm for good workmanship and close attention to the details of construction. One of the new instruments, styled the "Baby" grand, has bright and powerful qualities of tone to recommend it, and among the other specimens now exhibited are several whose merits should ensure appreciation.

In answer to a correspondent who asks whether the photograph plate issued from *The Illustrated London News* office, of "The Queen Listening to a Despatch from the Front," is handsome enough for a wedding present, I should reply that it is most suitable for the purpose. Those whose personal history takes so important a development as marriage at this memorable period will always feel the abiding interest of such a souvenir of the time as this picture. A few of the half-guinea plates are still to be had. Applications should be sent to the publisher, *The Illustrated London News*, 198, Strand, London, W.C.



A SMART ALPACA DUST-CLOAK.

Cecil, the present Premier's great ancestor, for her chief Minister, and publicly charged him that, "without regard to my will, you shall ever give me such advice as you shall deem best"; and she retained him through all changes and chances till his death, when she was sixty-five; and then she "wept much, ate apart, and spoke to no one for days," by reason of her sorrow for his loss. The young Indian Princesses who can follow that example deserve a medal! The Viceroy has also recommended for the silver medal five ladies, all Englishwomen—three of them women doctors, and the others teachers of native girls.

The annual meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation has been held in London, and, as usual, passed off with perfect order, though some of the questions were warmly debated. The Countess of Carlisle took the chair, and was re-elected president for next year. The two chief points on which this large body of intelligent women disagree are whether they should work for the vote for women by the method of refusing their services and influence to candidates who are opposed to women's suffrage; and whether they shall or shall not advocate restrictions being placed by law on the industry of women, forbidding them to work during certain hours of the twenty-four, or at certain occupations, or for more than a fixed number of hours in all daily. As to their own suffrage, the members of the Women's Liberal Federation are nominally all in favour of the vote being given to women; but then a large majority of them are prepared to work to return to Parliament candidates who, if they are elected, will vote in the House in opposition to female suffrage. Of course, it is childish for these ladies to pass resolutions calling on their party to try to pass a Bill for admitting women ratepayers to the franchise, and then to go away and give their own warmest personal efforts to return individuals pledged to vote in the House of

THE ACADEMIE DE MÉDECINE OF FRANCE has placed

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“THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS”

At the HEAD of ALL the Waters examined for
PURITY and FREEDOM from Disease Germs.

Professor VIRCHOW, Berlin, writes—

“Its pleasant taste and its richness in pure carbonic acid favourably distinguish it from all others.”

“Its popularity is chiefly due to its
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“APENTA”

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THE BEST AND MOST RELIABLE HOUSEHOLD APERIENT.

For continuous use by the BILIOUS, DYSPEPTIC, CONSTIPATED, GOUTY, and OBESE.

The LANCET says: “Its composition is constant.” The PRACTITIONER says: “An ideal purgative.”

The BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL says: “A most useful aperient.”

ORDINARY DOSE—A Wineglassful before Breakfast.

Most efficacious when mixed with an equal quantity of hot water.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND MINERAL WATER DEALERS.

Sole
Importers—

THE APOLLINARIS CO., Ltd., LONDON.

THE STEAM-SHIP "SAXON."

Not so very many years ago anyone connected with, or interested in, the Cape trade would have deemed it more than unlikely that a steam-ship of 13,000 tons would ever ply between England and South Africa. At that time, from four to five thousand tons was considered the maximum attainable. Shipbuilding, however, like everything else, has not been allowed to stand still, and the natural result is that year by year the vessels of our great mercantile and passenger services steadily improve.

The magnificent twin-screw 13,000 ton steam-ship *Saxon* is a case in point. She is the latest addition to the superb Union-Castle Line fleet, and left Southampton for her maiden voyage on Saturday, June 16, promising to do her owners and her makers the credit which is certainly due to them. The fact that the *Saxon* brings the total tonnage of the famous Union-Castle Line's vessels up to well over 200,000 tons does not decrease the interest in the new steam-ship, especially when it is remembered that the line was created in a single generation



THE UNION-CASTLE STEAM-SHIP CO.'S NEW VESSEL "SAXON."

by, practically speaking, two men—Sir Donald Currie and Sir Francis Evans.

The most notable feature of the *Saxon*, perhaps, is not so much the increasing comfort of the first-class passengers as the immense improvement in the food and quarters offered to their poorer fellow-travellers. On board the Union-Castle Line's latest acquisition, a third-class passenger is comfortably and cleanly berthed and excellently well fed for the small sum of thirteen guineas, while, of course, the expression "floating hotel" applies more truthfully than ever to that part of the vessel allotted to first-class voyagers.

Messrs. Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, are responsible for the vessel's building, fitting, and engineering; and the workmen have done their work thoroughly well under the able direction of Mr. Pirrie, lately one of the chief magistrates of Belfast.

It will be remembered that on the Union-Castle Line fell most of the work of transporting our troops to South Africa. Great credit is due to them for the efficient way in which their arduous work was carried out.



INTERIOR OF A CABIN.



THE LIBRARY.

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JAMES I. "PRINCE'S PLATE."

(Regd. 71,552.)

Guaranteed to retain its splendid appearance and wear like Silver for 30 Years.



James I. Muffin Dish, in Prince's Plate, £3 5s. In Sterling Silver, £10 10s.



James I. Afternoon Tea Service, Ebony Handle and Knob to Tea Pot.

	Prince's Plate	Sterling Silver
Tea Pot, 2 pint	£2 15	£4 10
Sugar Basin	1 2	1 10
Cream Jug	1 8	1 13
	£3 5	£7 13



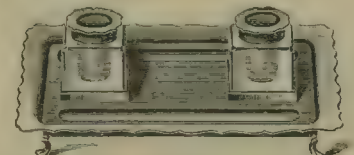
James I. Butter Dish, in Prince's Plate, with Clear Glass Body, £1 5s. In Sterling Silver, £4.



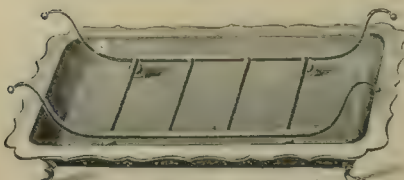
Sterling Silver Salad Bowl, James I. design, £11 10s. Prince's Plate Salad Servers, £1. Sterling Silver, £2 5s.



James I. Egg Frame and Spoons, with Six Egg Cups, interiors richly gilt. In Prince's Plate, £4 5s. In Sterling Silver, £9 15s.



James I. Inkstand, with Plain Square Cut Glass Bottles. Prince's Plate, £2 10. Sterling Silver, £6 10.



James I. Asparagus Stand and Rack, as illustrated. In Prince's Plate, £2 5s. Complete, with Sauce Boat, Prince's Plate, £4 10s.

(Registered Design.)
New Combination Breakfast Tray, in Prince's Plate and Cut Glass, James I. style, £5.ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS
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Goods sent to the Country on approval.

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BY THE ACTUAL
MAKERS AT
MANUFACTURERS'
WHOLESALE CASH
PRICES, SAVING ALL
INTERMEDIATE
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(Registered Design.)
Oval Entrée Dish, James I. style, 11½ in. long. Prince's Plate, £3 5s. Sterling Silver, £12.

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The Parisian Diamond Company.

The Ladies' Field.

"The exquisite gem-work, which has been for so long associated with the name of the Parisian Diamond Company, seems to grow season by season more and more beautiful.

"With an enterprise and ingenuity which are little short of marvellous, the Parisian Diamond Company continue to produce one new lovely design after another, until one begins to wonder whether their powers of artistic invention are absolutely inexhaustible."

The Kent Argus.

"The famous pearls, the spécialité of this Company, are a veritable dream of soft milky whiteness, no two alike, but changing ever and anon into tender iridescent gleams, or a lovely sheen, thus defying even an expert to detect them from their costly prototypes."

Hearth and Home.

"It is certainly a fact that no jeweller in London has more beautiful designs than the Parisian Diamond Company, whose premises are at 143, Regent Street; 85, New Bond Street, and 43, Burlington Arcade."

Black and White.

"The Parisian Diamond Company is quite the place to visit by all who have an appreciation of the beautiful and the refined."

The World of Dress.

"Jewels of real beauty, grace, and elegance."

The Lady.

"The Parisian Diamond Company numbers among its clients European Royalties and many women of title."

The Whitehall Review.

"The Parisian Diamond Company has discovered the secret of presenting pearls whose purity and lustre equal anything sought after in the rocky depths of the ocean."

The Lady's Realm.

"One of the most beautiful cottarettas consists of seven rows of pearls of medium size, with slides of very fine Louis Quinze designs inserted with turquoise, and fastened with a beautiful clasp of the same."

The Lady's Pictorial.

"Moreover, quite apart from any question of monetary value, it is a delight to wear them, for no more exquisite designs and wonderful workmanship could be lavished on gems even were they worth a king's ransom."

Madame.

"Dainty to a degree in their fine artistic settings, the beautiful pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company have justly gained a world-wide reputation. Among these ornaments there are collars of the famous pearls which have been brought to such perfection by the Parisian Diamond Company, and now that fashion has decreed that pearls and diamonds must be worn in lavish profusion, everyone owes a debt of gratitude to the Parisian Diamond Company."

THE ARTIST.

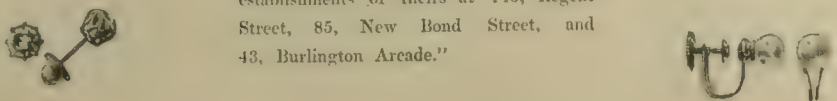
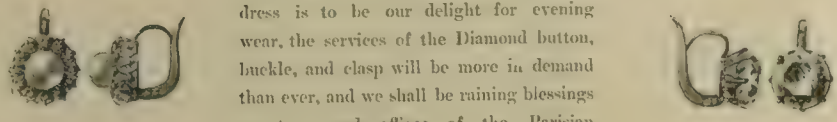
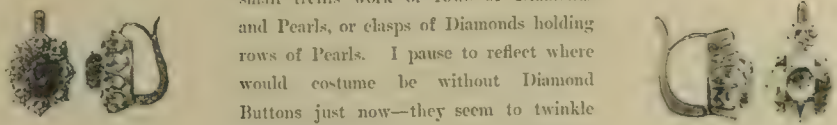
(THE STORY OF A CONVERSION.)

"... It held us spellbound for a space; then we slowly worked back to the title-page to realise that we had been looking at a picture record of jewellery made by the far-famed Parisian Diamond Company. We closed the book and went to see the things. Beautiful as the pictures were they gave no real idea of the actual beauty of the collection itself."



THE QUEEN.

"Every woman seemed to be wearing a Diamond Collar of some kind, either of small trellis work or rows of Diamonds and Pearls, or clasps of Diamonds holding rows of Pearls. I pause to reflect where would costume be without Diamond Buttons just now—they seem to twinkle on every gown. And if it be true that a revival of the Louis Seize period of dress is to be our delight for evening wear, the services of the Diamond button, buckle, and clasp will be more in demand than ever, and we shall be ruining blessings on the good offices of the Parisian Diamond Company, and besieging with increased enthusiasm those fascinating establishments of theirs at 143, Regent Street, 85, New Bond Street, and 43, Burlington Arcade."



ILLUSTRATED PRICE-LIST POST FREE.

The Sketch.

"Take, for example, the really splendid jewels that are constantly being produced by the Parisian Diamond Company, which not only rival the costly wares of the greatest jewellers, but in many instances excel them in their beauty and perfection of design."

The Gentlewoman.

"In the great movement for the more artistic designing of jewellery the Parisian Diamond Company are playing a prominent part. We have for years, let us confess it at once, been asleep to the artistic value of the decorative influence of jewels."

Scottish Life.

"Pearls that look so beautiful that I can hardly believe they are not real."

The Illustrated London News.

"... What lovely woman would do at this juncture without the pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company, who could say? It has been unquestionably proved that even experts are deceived by the lustrous colour and quality of these pearls."

The Court Journal.

"The Parisian Diamond Company's pearls and other gems are marvellous, while they are set with a refinement which shows that in this branch of the jeweller's art the Company is unrivalled."

Table Talk.

"Their designs this year seem to be more beautiful and artistic than ever, and the extraordinary grace and perfection of the setting of the brilliant and beautiful stones can give one cause for nothing but admiration."

The Mail and Express.

"... But everything that one sees at the Parisian Diamond Company's establishments is instinct with good taste and perfect workmanship."

The Queen.

"The pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company now hold a recognised position in the fashionable jewellery of the day."

Modern Art.

"Apparently the limit of resourcefulness, in the way of novelty and elegance, has not yet been acknowledged by the Parisian Diamond Company."

The Ladies' Gazette.

"The dazzling display of the most exquisite ornaments meets one's eye on passing either of the establishments of the Parisian Diamond Company, the Head Branch of which is at 85, New Bond Street."

The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

"As to the designs of the Parisian Diamond Company, they are more beautiful than those into which real gems are wrought, and indeed it would be a clever expert who could tell them from real stones when they are set in exactly the same way, only with far more variation and more art as to form."

Vanity Fair.

"I hear that pearl collars go better with this sort of gown than any other ornament, a fact that makes the Parisian Diamond Company most busy, for their pearls are, as you know, perfection; and they must have someone supernally clever in design at their houses, for I never saw anything more perfectly done than the clasps and slides of Diamonds and other stones mingled with the pearl."

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(BURLINGTON GARDENS END).

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 7, 1895) of Mr. Frederick Charles Perry, J.P., D.L., of Dunston Hall, near Stafford, who died on March 6, was proved on May 5 at the Lichfield District Registry by Miss Helen Perry, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £234,078. The testator gives £5000 each to Colonel Thomas Thorneycroft, Mrs. Mary Corser, Mrs. Emma Hartley, and Dame Ellen Fowler. The residue of his property he leaves to his sister.

The will (dated April 2, 1898) of Sir Gabriel Goldney, Bart., J.P., D.L., of 6, Eaton Place, S.W., and Breechfield, Wilts. formerly M.P. for Chippenham, who died on May 8, was proved on June 12 by Sir Gabriel Prior Goldney, Bart., and Frederick Hastings Goldney, the sons and executors, the value of the estate being £155,557. The testator specifically devises his lands, farms, and premises in Wilts and Gloucester to his three sons, Sir Gabriel Prior, Frederick Hastings, and Sir John Tankerville Goldney. He gives No. 6, Eaton Place, with the furniture and effects, to his son Gabriel; fifty guineas each to his sisters Margaret Anne Goldney and Mrs. Kenny; twenty-five guineas each to his daughters-in-law Jane, Lady Goldney, and Mrs. Frederick Hastings Goldney; fifty guineas each to Edward Haverstock Merriman and Percy Gane; and small legacies to friends and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 26, 1863), with three codicils (two dated March 9, 1887, and the other April 28, 1888), of Mr. William Lindley, C.E., F.G.S., of 74, Shooter's Hill Road, Blackheath, who died on May 22, was proved on June 7 by Robert Searles Lindley, the son, and Miss Julia Lindley, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £139,497. The testator gives his Debentures of the East London Waterworks Company, his shares in the Continental Union Gas Company, and £7000 2½ per Cent. Consolidated Stock to his son William Heerlein Lindley; his shares of the Surrey Commercial Docks Company and one half of the Debentures and Ordinary Stock of the Lambeth Waterworks Company to his son Robert Searles Lindley; £7000 2½ per Cent. Consolidated Stock, all stocks and shares in the Kent Waterworks Company, his 4½ per Cent.

Debentures of the Surrey Commercial Docks Company, and his 6 per Cent. Perpetual Stock of the East Lincolnshire Railway Company to his daughter Julia; his Ordinary Stock of the East London Waterworks Company, and the other half of his debentures and Ordinary Stock of the Lambeth Waterworks Company, to his son Joseph; his house, with furniture and effects therein, upon trust, for his sister Catherine Lindley and his

The Rectory, Heysham, near Lancaster, who died on March 9, was proved on June 9 by John Fletcher Twemlow Roys, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £117,227. The testator bequeaths £10 to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; £300 on the death of Mrs. John Roys, for the benefit of the poor of Ilkington, near Stafford; £500 on the death of Mrs. John Roys either to build a parsonage or in augmentation of the stipend of St. Matthew, Derrington, in the parish of Leighford, Staffordshire; and £50 to his trusted servant, George Crayston. Provision has been made for his children as well by his will and codicils as by settlements, and certain annual sums are to be paid to them. It appears that the residuary real and personal estate is ultimately settled on his son John Fletcher for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male.

The will (dated April 1, 1899) of Mr. Alexander Gordon, of 164, Cromwell Road, South Kensington, who died on March 29, was proved on June 1 by Henry Jamieson, William Cave Fowler, and John Arthur Hampton, the executors, the value of the estate being £99,829. The testator gives his furniture, pictures, plate, etc., to his unmarried daughters, and an annuity of £30 to his nieces Sarah Anne and Helen Clarke until they shall marry. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his children Alexander, Elspeth Anne, Emma, Helen, Elizabeth, Fanny Eleanor, and Mary Jane.

The will (dated Oct. 13, 1894), with three codicils (one dated Dec. 21, 1898, and two Feb. 26, 1900), of Mrs. Emily Dowling, of Neelgherries, Bromley, was proved on May 19 by Alexander Nelson Radcliffe and Francis Reynolds Yonge Radcliffe, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £89,991. The testatrix gives £1000 each to the Society for Promoting the Employment of Additional Curates, the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle-Trough Association, and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £500 to the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Brompton Road); £200 each to the Cancer Hospital, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the London City Mission, the Charing Cross Hospital, the Western General Dispensary



NEW ENTRANCE-HALL OF THE GRANVILLE HOTEL, RAMSGATE.

The Granville Hotel at Ramsgate, which has just been opened after reconstruction, was in its original form one of Weyb Pugin's architectural successes. In its new form it accommodates more than 300 visitors, and is fitted with every luxury and comfort. The hotel must now enter on a new lease of popularity.

daughter Julia, and an annuity of £600 to his sister for the suitable keeping up thereof; an annuity of £100 to his brother-in-law G. M. Campanella; and £100 annuity to Rosa A. G. Ruccitelli. The residue of his property he leaves to his four children.

The will (dated Nov. 21, 1891), with five codicils (dated Dec. 13, 1892; Jan. 24 and June 11, 1894; April 27, 1897; and Jan. 21, 1899), of the Rev. Charles Twemlow Roys, of

politan Drinking Fountain and Cattle-Trough Association, and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £500 to the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Brompton Road); £200 each to the Cancer Hospital, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the London City Mission, the Charing Cross Hospital, the Western General Dispensary

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Fine Gold Flexible Bracelet, set with Pearls and Turquoises, £2 15s.



Gold Horse-Shoe, with Ruby, Sapphire, and Diamond, Trefoil, £2 5s.



"THE CENTURY BROOCH," New Registered Design, Fine Diamond Star and "1900," £6 15s.



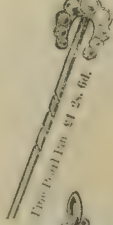
Gold, Pearl, and Turquoise Brooch, £1 6s. 6d.



Fine Gold Double Swallow Brooch, £2 10s.



Fine Gold, Pearl, and Diamond "Gold Sticks" Brooch, £3 5s.



NEW AND EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS.



Gold Chased Mouse and Pearl Brooch, £2 8s.



Fine Gold and Enamel Shamrock Pendant, with Pearl Centre, 21s.

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Inspection invited of the Largest and choicest stock in the world of
HIGH-CLASS GEM JEWELLERY
AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.



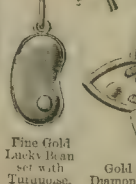
Fine Pearl Single Row Necklet, with Pearl Daisy Pendant, £5 complete.



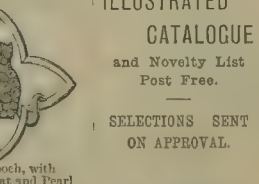
AWARDED NINE GOLD MEDALS.
Gold and Diamond Pendant, £1 2s.



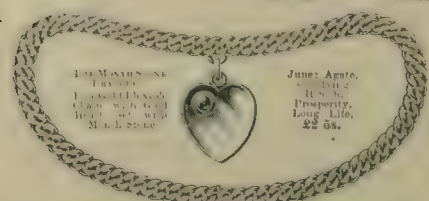
Fine Gold, Pearl, and Turquoise Brooch, £1 11s. 6d.



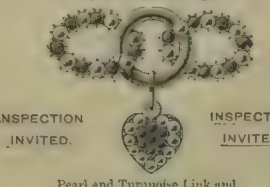
Fine Gold Lucky Bean set with Pearl and Turquoise, 9s. 6d.



Gold Brooch, with Diamond Cat and Pearl Ball, 2s.



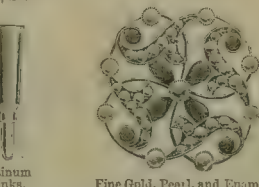
LEE METFORD LINK PENDANT. June: Agate, £10 2s. Prosperity, Long Life, £2 5s.



Pearl and Turquoise Link and Pendant Brooch, £3 10s.



Fine Gold and Platinum "Lee Metford" Links, £2 15s. per pair.



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CHELTINE ANÆMIC FOOD.

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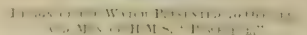
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The Scotch Confirmation under seal of the Sheriff of Dumfriesshire and Galloway, of the disposition and deed of feoffment, with notarial deed, dated Jan. 23, 1874, in which the Sheriff, Messrs. James & Co. of Glasgow, who died at 3, Welbeck Street, on Jan. 31, granted to Arthur Henry Johnstone Douglas and George Henry Finch, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on June 13, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £44,880 17s. 5d.

The will of Dr. St. George Jackson Mivart, F.R.S., of 77, Inverness Terrace, who died on April 1, has been proved by Mrs. Mary Anne Mivart, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £28,308 3s. 5d. The testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1900) of Dr. William Knighton, LL.D., late Assistant-Commissioner of Quail, of Tibworth, Silverhill, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on March 31, was proved on June 1 by Mrs. Charlotte Augusta Dring Knighton, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £22,920. The testator gives £200, his jewels, personal articles, cuttings and horses, the use for life of his house and furniture, and the income from a policy of

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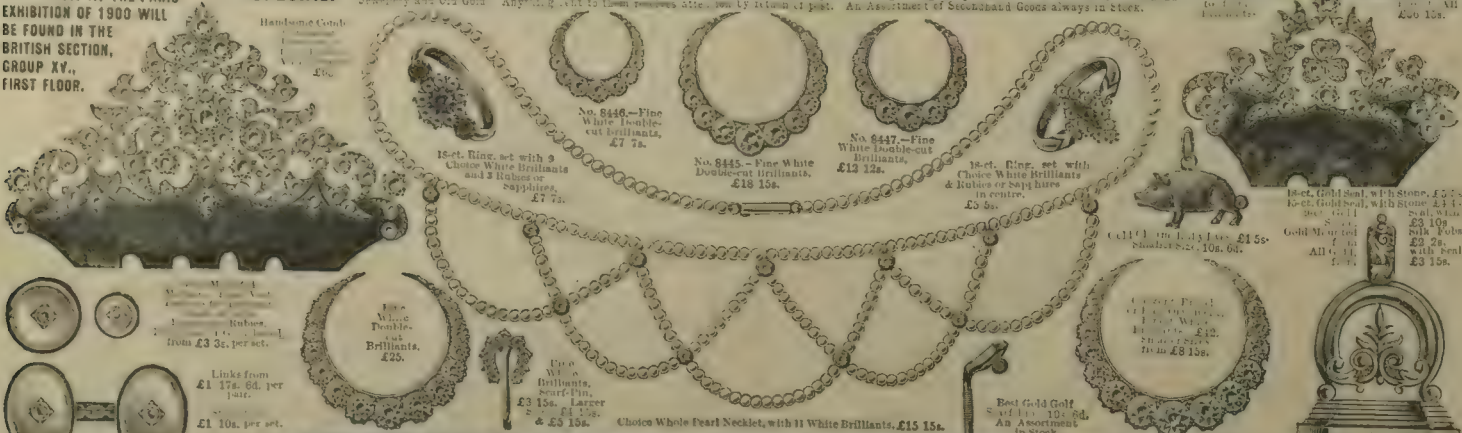
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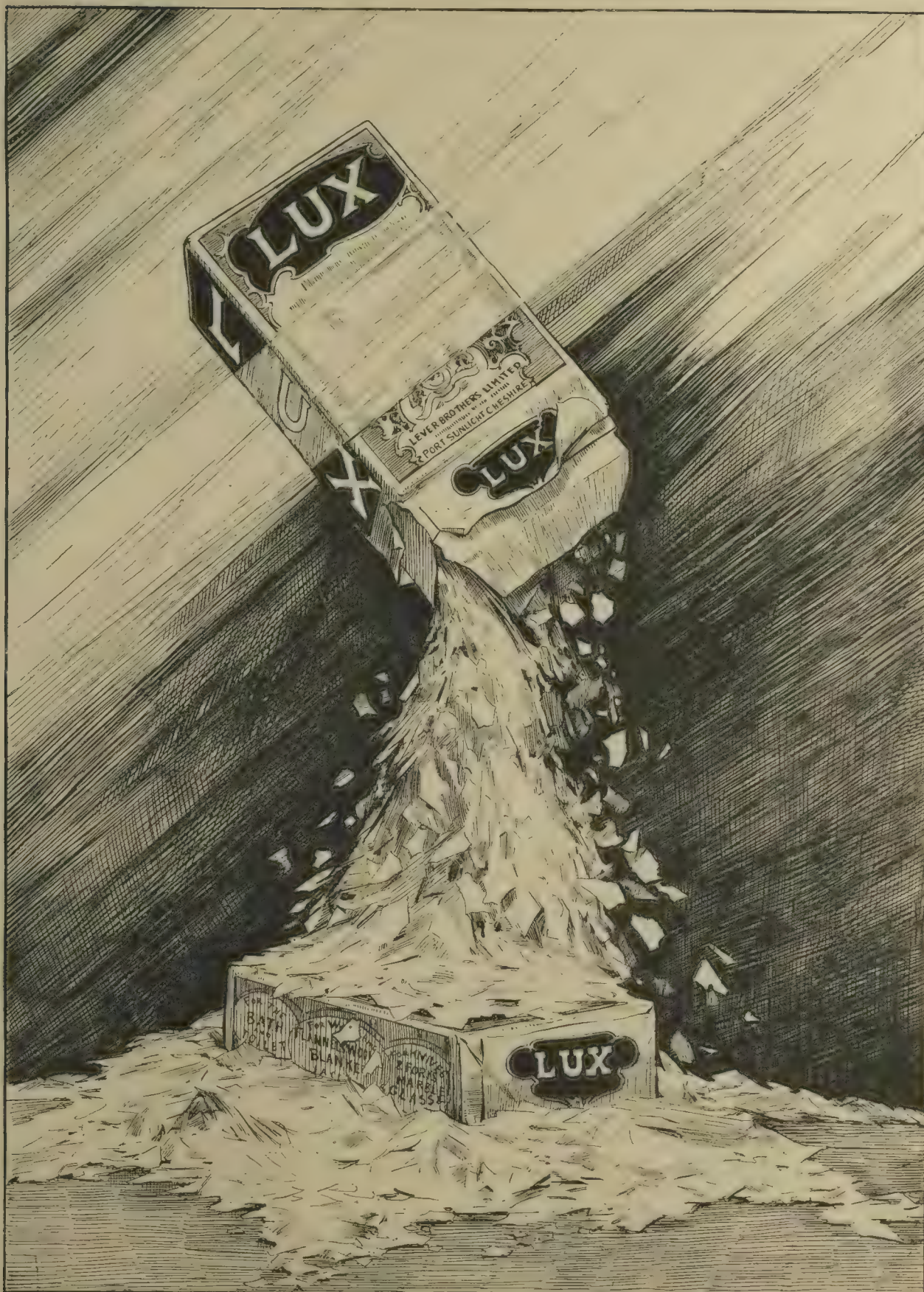
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insurance on his life, to his wife; 100 shares in the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa each to his nephew Arthur Knighton and his nieces Edith Milne, Amy Burke, and Lina Burke; 400 shares of the Bank of Africa, and at the death of her mother his house and furniture and the said policy of insurance, to his daughter Emma Condon; 100 shares of the Universal Life Assurance Company to his granddaughter Beatrice Addison; 250 shares of the Bank of Africa to his god-daughter Ada Knighton Deane; 100 shares of the African Banking Corporation to his grand daughter Emma Thoburne Philson; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his grandsons James Knighton Condon, Edgar Hunt Condon, and William Edmund Hunt Condon.

The will of Mr. Edmund Hugh Clerk, J.P., D.L., of Bedford, Pilton, Somerset, who died on March 17, was proved on May 29 by Edith Dorothy Clerk, the daughter, the value of the estate being £1907.

The will of Sir Roger Tuckfield Goldworthy, K.C.M.G., of 52, Argyle Road, Kensington, who died on May 5, was proved on June 13 by Dame Eliza Goldworthy, the widow, the value of the estate being £542.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Lord Kelvin, the illustrious scientist, appeared the other day on the platform of the Ladies' Protestant League, and delivered a spirited address. He spoke strongly on the kind of religious matter circulated in certain schools as poison. A High Church organ says that Lord Kelvin's suggestion that the Education Department must overhaul the religious teaching in Church schools is "impertinent and even ludicrous."

The Bishop of Southwell, while accepting the Archbishops' opinion about Reservation, affirms that it is not incompatible with their position to carry the Blessed Sacrament straight from a celebration in church to the sick persons' bed in cases where the dying person's surroundings make it practically impossible to carry out the office.

The Rev. R. Appleton, M.A., Vicar of St. George's, Canterbury, has been appointed an Honorary Canon of Durham Cathedral by his old friend the Bishop.

The Bishop of Marlborough has resigned the office of Bishop Suffragan in the diocese of London, which he has held since 1888. Bishop Barry succeeds him in the

permanent charge of the West London Deaneries as Assistant-Bishop, but without any territorial title. It is supposed that Bishop Barry will now resign the Rectory of St. James's, Piccadilly.

The English Church Union is active in view of a General Election, and offers to supply latest and fullest particulars as to candidates for election to Parliament. The Union announces a net increase of 1490 members and associates, the total number now on the roll being 29,090. Of these 4163 are in Holy Orders and thirty-two are Bishops.

The *Record* gives a fairly full biography of the late Bishop Ryle, and Canon Christopher supplies some reminiscences. It shows the nobility of Bishop Ryle's character that when he was Rector of Ilkhampton he wore thread-bare clothes and denied himself many things in order to pay off as far as it was possible the small depositors at his father's bank, which failed. Mr. Ryle was not himself a partner in the bank, and was not legally liable for anything. Much of Ryle's success was due to his remarkably forcible English style—his short clear sentences always to the point. Old Dr. Hawtrey, the late Provost of Eton, used to say none but an Eton boy could write that English.

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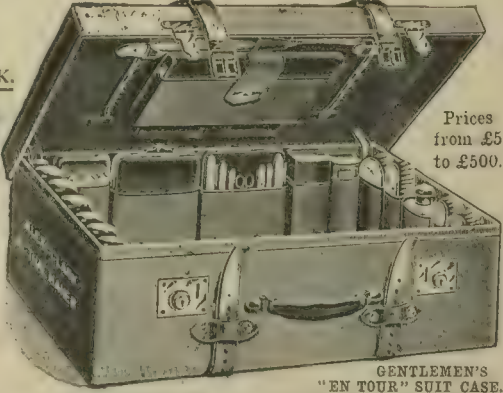
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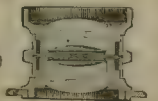


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The Ragged School Union and Shaftesbury Society's fresh air scheme last year benefited 6648 little ones, many of them cripples. The Marquis of Northampton confidently appeals to the public to extend this beneficent enterprise.

Mr. Martin Harvey has been so gratified with the result of last Wednesday's matinee of "The Only Way," and the advance booking for the matinee on Wednesday next is so satisfactory, that he has determined to play it from Saturday, June 23, in place of the triple bill, the last performance of which took place on Friday, the

22nd inst. The success attending Captain Hood's little play of "Ib and Little Christina" has been so marked, however, that Mr. Harvey has determined to combine it with the performances of "The Only Way." With this end in view, the prologue of the latter play will be omitted, and the performance will commence with "Ib and Little Christina" at eight o'clock, "The Only Way" following.

One of the most recent additions to the National Portrait Gallery, although it is neither an original work nor, happily, the portrait of a deceased personage, will probably become a prominent attraction of the collection. It is a

copy by Miss Bertha Müller of the portrait of her Majesty recently painted, at the Queen's special desire, by Herr von Angeli. The original is the private property of the Queen, and by no likelihood will it ever become the property of the nation. The value of Miss Müller's copy, which the artist of the original certifies, is therefore obvious, and it will be appreciated by generations wishing to know how thoroughly regal and how thoroughly womanly was Queen Victoria at the age of fourscore. There are now three portraits of her Majesty in the "Royal Family" Room of the National Portrait Gallery, and the general verdict will, we think, be in favour of the last-comer.

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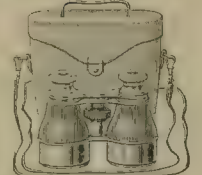
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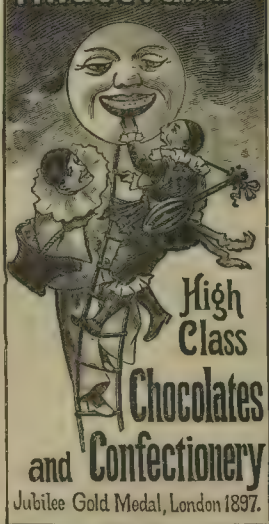
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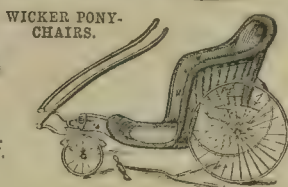
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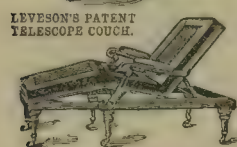
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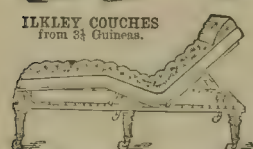
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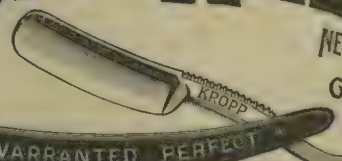
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From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, based on Photographs, Sketches, and Information supplied by a Resident at the Drift, Kroonstad.



WAR CORRESPONDENTS' CARTS AND WAGONS PREVENTED FROM CROSSING THE SAND RIVER DRIFT.

FACSIMILE OF SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

Mr. Smith of the "Morning Leader," who was with Mr. Prior, has since noted in a letter that for the order to detain correspondents' carts and wagons at Sand River Lords Roberts and Kitchener have disclaimed all responsibility.



Photo. Anonypous, Durban.

DECORATIONS IN WEST STREET, DURBAN.



Photo. Mark White.

TOWN GUARD OF UITENHAGE FIRING THE FEU-DE-JOIE IN FRONT OF THE TOWN HALL.



Photo. Marsh, Pietermaritzburg.

DIAMOND JUBILEE PAVILION, PIETERMARITZBURG, ON MAKEKING DAY.



Photo. Evelyn, Pietermaritzburg.

SCHOOL CHILDREN IN MARKET SQUARE, PIETERMARITZBURG, BEING ADDRESSED BY MINISTER OF EDUCATION.



DIFFICULTIES OF CROSSING THE SAND RIVER: GETTING CONVOY-WAGONS UP THE STEEP DRIFT.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior



CAMPAIGNING IN THE FREE STATE: LORD ROBERTS'S COLUMN CROSSING THE SAND RIVER DRIFT.

Facsimile of Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



THE FIRST TO ENTER THE TOWN: SIX OF RIMINGTON'S SCOUTS CAPTURING A BOER DESPATCH-RIDER IN BRANDFORT.

Facsimile of Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

CAMPAIGNING SCENES FROM THE BOER SIDE.

Photographs supplied by Paul Fürstenburg.



CYCLIST DESPATCH-RIDERS OF THE BOER FORCE AT NORVALS PONT.

Lieut. Thompson (Netherlands).

Captain Allum (Norway).



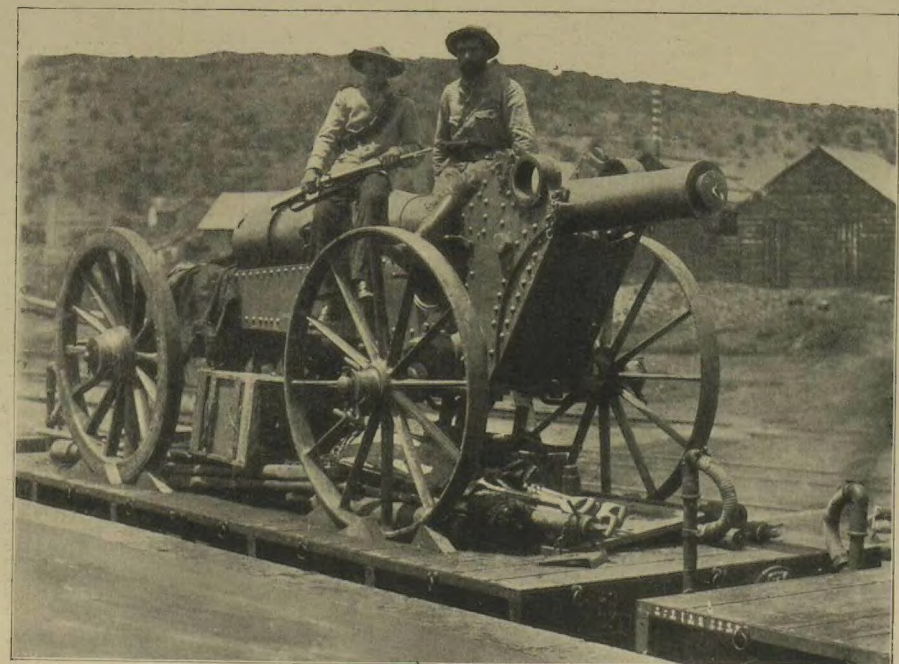
SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION AT THE ARSENAL, JOHANNESBURG.



Captain Reichman (U.S.A.)

Colonel Gourko (Russia). Mr. Fisher (Free State), Captain Demange and Lieut. Duval (France).

ATTACHÉS WITH THE BOER ARMY.



A BOER "LONG TOM" ON ITS WAY TO THE FRONT.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The step which, according to Shakspeare, divides the ridiculous from the sublime seems at this moment to be represented by the short distance dividing the Palais-Bourbon from the Esplanade des Invalides. The temporary tenants of the erstwhile residence of Louis the Fourteenth's illegitimate daughter, Mademoiselle de Nantes, of Saint-Simon's "Mémoires," are evidently bent upon being grotesque; the tenants of the Esplanade des Invalides are equally determined in their lofty mission of making France the wonder of the world, in the best sense of the word. If one could believe in the spirits of the departed hovering around their former earthly homes or sepulchres and influencing the living, one would say that the Deputies are inspired by that mischievous dwarf Louis, third Duc de Bourbon-Condé, the small-minded and small-bodied son of the great Condé; while those responsible for the Exhibition are inspired by the Grand Monarque, who built the French equivalent of our Chelsea Hospital, and by the great Napoleon, whose ashes repose in the crypt.

I am not exaggerating either one way or the other. When Leodogran, King of Camlannard, wished to clear his country of wild beasts and robbers, he sent for Arthur, the son of Uther the Pendragon. The pseudo-Nationalists want to send for Méline and Mercier: the trio of names beginning with M will not be completed, for neither of these proposed saviours of France was brought up by Merlin, the enchanter. Six years and a half ago, François Coppée, one of the protagonists of the present movement, compared the Chamber of Deputies to an ill-kept class-room, on the benches of which he declined to wear out the seat of his trousers (*ses fonds de pantalon*) like an old school-boy. He is still as careful as of old with regard to the most indispensable parts of his most indispensable garments; but he is trying to direct the struggle from a distance by means of inflammatory speeches and pamphlets. As will be seen from all this, matters are far from well with regard to political France—or, rather, with regard to political Paris, for there is no political France. The inhabitants of the capital, however, like Ulysses, refuse to be charmed even by the song of such a siren as Coppée, and merrily go their way, feasting and junketing.

To those who know them intimately—and especially the *bourgeois* portion—they present a curious sight. In Paris, or, for the matter of that, throughout the length and breadth of France, there are only two classes which in normal times spend their money freely—namely, the improvident workmen and the *fétards*, some of whom belong to the aristocracy and others to the wealthy *bourgeoisie*—whose fathers have amassed the wealth. The *bourgeois* of the first generation invariably saves his money. Like the busy bee, he gathers it from the proletarian and from the patrician, and he "sticks to it." A sudden change appears, however, to have come over him for the time being. He reminds the watchful English journalist of that skiff in Mr. Gilbert's "Creatures of Impulse" who suddenly became lavish. He positively flings his coin away when visiting the Exhibition, and his spouse and his daughters—he is rarely accompanied by the male members of his family—stand and stare at him, not knowing what has produced the sudden change.

In reality there is no change: the bourgeois simply "fait bonne mine à mauvais jeu"—in other words, he is simply putting a good complexion on a, to him, unsatisfactory matter. To be plain, an instructive as well as enjoyable visit to the Exhibition is a more or less expensive affair. I am not insinuating that the intelligent visitor will not get value for his outlay, for such an insinuation would not be consistent with the truth. But all things considered, the independent sightseer—by whom I mean the one for whom no previous arrangements have been made in numbers—must make up his mind that things cannot be done very cheaply or even comparatively reasonably. Everything to those who would enjoy the trip thoroughly will be dear. The Parisian shopkeeper, restaurateur, and hotel proprietor, besides the lessees of side-shows and stall-holders, laugh to scorn the idea that a little less fleecing on their part would redound to the glory of the whole undertaking. These are pretty well the self-same by whom the thing has been pointed out to them by some of the exceedingly anxious authorities. The answer was practically that of the Landsknecht to the Gascon Mousquetaire of Louis XIV.—the Mousquetaire of d'Artagnan's time. "I serve for glory, you serve for money," said the soldier of the crack regiment. "Each serves for what he is most particularly in want of," was the answer.

"The greatest is behind," said Lady Macbeth. Though every day sees a new feature added to the already wondrous show, the visitor who is not merely a gaping animal will perhaps do well to defer his visit to the month of August. The Latin Quarter has convened a monster meeting of students from the whole of the civilised world for that month. The programme has not been definitely settled, but the projected *éclat* days' fêtes will, without exaggeration, be interesting and instructive to all those whose future paths lie in the direction of art, literature, and science. It is a pity, perhaps, that the Theatrical Congress did not manage to fit in with the students' fêtes.

There is also a talk of a grand ceremony in connection with the transfer to the Pantheon of the remains of Diderot, Balzac, and Renan, three of the greatest literary glories of France; and of Rude, Ingres, and Delacroix, the three giants respectively of pictorial and sculptural art. It is more than probable that this ceremony will be arranged so as to fall within the wonderful week, and then the prentice Raphaël and the prentice Hugo will see how the French, with all their faults, honour their great departed. I, who have witnessed the funeral of Hugo, look forward to those ceremonies with intense expectation, for, though it has been my lot to witness many grandiose spectacles, I have never beheld a more grandiose one than those obsequies.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W B SMITHS (Northampton).—You will find it a common "failing" in good problems to put you on a false scent.

R EDMONDS (Kensington).—The King must be moved.

MRS. W J BAIRD, MESSRS. P H WILLIAMS, C W (Sunderby), A N BRAYHAM, W A CLARK, and J F MOON.—Problems marked for insertion.

CORSO, F HAYES, A H W, and G DEVEY FARRER.—To hand with thanks.

ALPHA.—There is not a mate by 1. B to Q 5th, 1. Kt to Kt 7th being the ingenious defence.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2921 received from E. I. Walker (Kilipand, Cape Colony); of No. 2922 from C. A. M. (Punung); of No. 2923 from Banarsi Das (Moradabad) and C. A. M. (Punung); of No. 2924 from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 2925 from W. F. H. Carvell (Charlottetown, Canada); of No. 2926 from George Devey Farrer, M.D. (Ancester, Ontario) and W. H. Pope (Washington, U.S.A.); of No. 2927 from W. Hoyer (Norway). Alpha, Inspector J. T. Palmer (Nelson) and W. M. Kelly (Worthing); of No. 2928 from C. E. Perugini, F. J. Candy (Norwood), Shadforth, C. E. H. (Clifton), Captain J. A. Chullice (Great Yarmouth), W. M. Kelly, and J. Bailey (Newark).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2929 received from F. B. (Worthing), R. Nugent (Southwold), M. A. Fyfe (Colchester), T. Smith Jun. (Brighton), Hereward, C. R. Shaw Stewart (Birmingham), Blair H. Cochrane (Harting), W. A. Lillico (Edinburgh), W. H. Silk (Moseley), A. Frayer (Colchester), Captain J. A. Chullice (Great Yarmouth), C. E. H. (Clifton), Rupert Rogers (Stratford), F. J. Candy (Norwood), C. M. A. B. W. Bower (Halesbury), R. Wooters (Canterbury), R. C. B. (Salford), Shadforth, F. J. S. (Hampstead), C. E. Perugini, Martin F., Edith Corser (Reigate), F. R. Pickering, Miss D. Gresson, Edward Lawrence (Cheltenham), Rev. A. Mays (Beiford), T. Roberts, Alpha, James W. North (Westward Ho!), Hereward, Charles Burnett, Henry A. Donovan (Liswell), L. D. Cane (Westbury), J. F. Moon, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Reginald Gordon (Kensington), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Clement C. Danby, G. T. Hughes (Dublin), F. W. Moore (Brighton), J. A. Wynne (London), H. Le Jeune, A. von Ernsthausen (Uppingham), P. N. Braund (Chichester), W. P. K. (Clifton), H. S. Brandreth, Alpha, D. B. R. (Oban), Thelma, F. Duby, Sorrento, F. Harrison (Liverpool), T. Butty (Colchester), Hermit, J. Hall, and W. A. Barnard (Uppingham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2928.—By H. A. SALWAY.

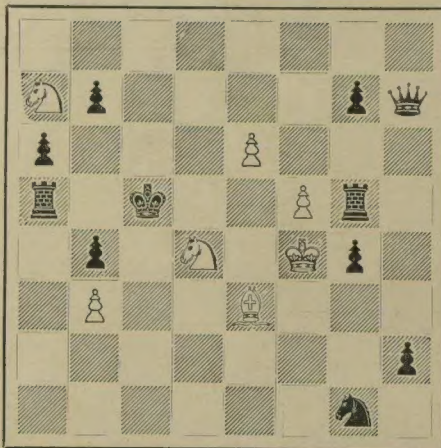
WHITE. BLACK.

1. K to B 6th K takes B
2. P to K 7th (ch) K takes Kt
3. Q to R 2nd, mate

If Black play 1. Kt to K 5th (ch), 2. B takes Kt; if 1. Kt to Q 6th; 2. R to B 5th (ch); and if 1. any other, then 2. Kt to B 5th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 2931.—By J. P. TAYLOR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN BRISTOL.

Game played between Messrs. H. M. PRIDEAUX and G. P. CAPLE. (Mazio Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. P.). BLACK (Mr. C.).
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. P to B 4th P takes P
3. Kt to B 3rd P to K 4th
4. B to B 4th P to K 5th
5. P to Q 4th P takes Kt
Black takes the Knight too soon. He should have played instead P to Q 4th. B takes Q, P to B 3rd, B to K 2nd, and now have taken the Knight; Q takes P, Q takes P, and Black comes out with the superior position.
6. Castles P to K 4th
7. B takes Q P Kt to B 3rd
8. Q takes P Kt takes B
9. P takes Kt B to B 3rd
10. Kt to B 3rd Q to B 3rd
11. Kt to K 5th P to Q 2nd
12. Kt takes B (ch) P takes Kt
13. B takes P Castles
Dangerous, but there is little else to be done.
14. Q to Kt 3rd (ch) Q to Kt 3rd
15. B takes Q Q takes Q
16. B takes Q Q takes Q
17. R to K 6th B to K 4th
18. P to K 4th K to K 4th
19. P to K 5th Kt to K 5th
20. B to K 5th Kt to K 5th
21. R to K sq B to K 5th
22. R to K 3rd B to R 4th
23. P to K 4th Kt to K 3rd
24. P to K 4th Kt to K 3rd
25. R takes B (ch)
White obtains two pieces for one, and the Pawn is invincible. There is no stopping their advance.
26. R takes Kt R to B 3rd
27. R takes Kt R to B 3rd
28. R to K 3rd R to K 3rd
29. P to R 4th R to K 3rd
30. K to Kt 3rd P takes P (ch)
31. K takes P K to R 3rd
32. R to K 3rd P to Q 4th
33. Kt to B 3rd
The game is won by the pretty play on this side of the board.
34. R to Kt 3rd Kt to B 4th (ch)
35. K to R 3rd Kt takes R
36. P takes Kt P to Q 4th
37. K to Kt 2nd R to Q 4th
38. Kt to Q sq R takes Kt P
39. K to B 2nd R (K6) to R 6th
40. K to K 2nd R takes Kt P
41. P to B 4th R takes Kt P
42. Kt to K 3rd P to R 4th
43. P to R 4th P takes P
44. K takes P R to Q sq (ch)
45. R to K 2nd R to Q Kt sq
Black wins.

CHESS IN PARIS.

Game played in the International Tournament between Messrs. G. MARCO and D. JASOWSKI. (Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. M.). BLACK (Mr. J.).
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to B 3rd Kt to Q 3rd
3. B to K 5th Kt takes K P
4. Castles Kt takes K P
5. P to Q 4th P to K 2nd
6. Q to K 2nd Kt to Q 3rd
7. B takes Kt R takes P
8. P takes P Kt to Kt 2nd
These moves are all familiar bookwork.
9. Kt to B 3rd Castles
10. R to K sq R to K sq
11. B to K 3rd P to Q 4th
A good attempt at freedom. Kt to B 4th is usually played about this point.
12. Q R to Q sq B to Q 2nd
13. Kt to Q R 4th Q to B sq
14. P to Q Kt 3rd B to K Kt 5th
15. Q to R 6th Kt to Q 3rd
16. Q takes Q R takes Q
17. B takes P R to R sq
18. B to K 3rd Kt to K 3rd
19. P to K R 3rd B takes Kt
20. P takes B Kt to R sq
21. P to B 3rd P to Q 4th
22. R to R sq P to Q 5th
23. B to Q 2nd B to B 5th
24. P to Q 4th R to Kt 4th
25. B takes B Kt takes B
The game proceeded for a few more moves, but White won easily.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The story of Mrs. Piper, the American lady who is asserted by Dr. Hyslop, Dr. Hodgson, and others to be the medium whereby "discarnate spirits"—a little band of them—seek to reveal a future life to man, was only partially told in my last article. The importance of the topic merits a return to it now; and the first criticism I have to pass upon Mrs. Piper's achievements is that if, as Dr. Hyslop remarks, the spirits are teaching the world about a future life through the medium of Mrs. Piper, they really leave us at the end of things (as chronicled by Dr. Hyslop) in much the same state of uncertainty about that life as when Mrs. Piper's mediumistic recital was commenced. I presume what Dr. Hyslop (in *Harper's Magazine*) means to assert is that his belief that the four "controls" (Imperator, Rector, Doctor, and Prudens) which constitute the "little band" of discarnate souls are really "spirits," should satisfy every doubting Thomas on the matter of a future existence and its reality. But it is not rather a question here of "first catch your hare" on Mrs. Glasse's immortal principle? Even Dr. Hyslop had his doubts whether Mrs. Piper might not be, after all, a person with a double personality—one side of it Mrs. Piper, and the other anybody in particular who happened to affect Mrs. Piper's brain-cells. He declares for the spiritualist theory in preference to telepathy, regarding it as easier to believe that spirits tell Mrs. Piper what to write, or guide her unconscious brain and hand, than to assume that the incidents she reveals, incidents known to the receiver (say, Dr. Hyslop) should have really come from that receiver himself.

There is one point in the whole record which is highly characteristic. I have carefully looked through the account of what Mrs. Piper's hand has traced under the control of the presumed "spirits" without finding any details about the future life at all. If I wish to know where the "spirits" reside—a very natural inquiry—I discover no record of such investigation having been made. I find details about the illnesses and deaths of the persons alleged to communicate through Mrs. Piper—details known to the inquirers, although they often allege defective memory of them, which defects the "spirits" set right. I find also that the spirits are not always correct in their own assertions, or in Mrs. Piper's transcript of their sayings, though it must be remembered that it is alleged the lady is in a trance when her hand, guided by the alleged unseen agencies, writes what they are said to dictate and inspire. There was a mistake, for instance, in respect of medicine which a certain spirit asserted he took while in the flesh. What strikes one about all this questioning of the spirits is the triviality of the details elicited, and it is evident the "spirits" do not quite understand everything, as might have been expected, for Dr. Hyslop recites a case in which, asking a question about a disease which caused his father's death, the "spirit" of his father mistook the word "trouble" for difference of opinion. This seems as though the old humanity, with its liability to error, were cropping out, and that it was Dr. Hyslop's self, in conjunction with Mrs. Piper's altered personality, which was really answering his questions.

What I should like to know are details regarding the alleged "spirit" life, the conditions of the presumed existence after death, and the state in which "spirits" are enabled to exist; how they communicate, as presumably ethereal beings, with Mrs. Piper's hand or brain, or both; why Mrs. Piper seems to stand alone as a means of communication with the nether or higher world; if all "spirits" exist on the same plane; if every deceased person can communicate with surviving relatives, and, if so, on what conditions and through what channels; and why we are left in so much doubt and uncertainty at large regarding our future state as depicted by the spiritualistic fraternity? These are all the natural inquiries of people who want to know. Dr. Hyslop and his friends satisfy not one point among those I have indicated, and I might enlarge my list very considerably indeed.

It is clearly shown by Dr. Hyslop that in his own mind he hesitated between the view that the "spirits" were the sources of the information detailed by Mrs. Piper's hand, and that which assumes that the unconscious personal influence of Dr. Hyslop and the other investigators on Mrs. Piper is the real source of the manifestations. As far as I can discover, Mrs. Piper's spirit-guides do not knock about the furniture, or elevate that lady in the flotation experiences of some of her predecessors. They are, if I may so put it, genteel, well-behaved "spirits," intent on recalling their past life, but with never a hint about their present state or the future of themselves or others. Perhaps, however, spirit-knowledge has its limitations, and these limitations, to my mind, suggest telepathy, and especially so when I read of Mrs. Piper describing the circumstances of the writer of a letter written in Italian held against Mrs. Piper's forehead. Now what telepathy really is, I do not profess to understand. I am even sceptical of its existence as a fact outside brain-science, but I am willing to assume, for the sake of argument, that it may be possible for one brain to affect another brain near it or at a distance, so that the second brain may interpret the ideas of the first. Let us suppose this possible, and I think the explanation of Dr. Hyslop's wonders appears just as clear, if not a good deal more lucid, than on his theory of the "little band of discarnate spirits" endeavouring to reveal a future life to man. When we come to think of it, the revelation is a poor thing at best, while it assuredly offers nothing in the way of proof. You may surmise as you will about Mrs. Piper's spirit "controls," from Dr. Phinuit Selville to Stanton Moses, and Imperator and his friends, but you are no nearer proof of the existence of a spirit-world than you were before. And so, in my humble opinion, it will ever be. There is much in brain-science yet unexplored, and we may reasonably hope for fuller light on problems of telepathy and the like. But no hand, not even that of Mrs. Piper, has ever revealed a glimpse of the future life, or even lifted a corner of the veil that mercifully hides from us all that may be when we have shuffled off this mortal coil.